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The Seed

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WHAT TREES DO THEY PLANT?



VOL 3
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CHICAGO SEED

No. 12
MEMBER
UPS LNS FRED
THE FAMILY

1/21/74

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CHICAGO SEED

This is Vol. 3, No. 12 of the Chicago Seed, which is published bi-weekly at 2628 N. Halsted by Seed Publishing, Inc. The hello phone is 929-0133, call 929-0134 for advertising information.

Vol. 3, No. 12 of the Seed is a wave that laps at the edges of our collective and individual consciousnesses. Contradictions are the product of personal freedom. They will be resolved in favor of collective harmony.

The people who created this issue:

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Photos	Larry Sultan, Ronnie Raccoon, Dave Hoffman, BPP newspaper
	Skeets from Kaleidoscope, YLO
All-round	Rick, Luscious Linda, Bert, Donovan and the Street-Sellers. Bobbi. ♥

LAST-MINUTE DOPE:

Keys scarce at \$175-\$200 but better by the time you read this, lids of OK tea for \$20/each.

Hashish at \$700/lb, \$90-\$100/oz, \$6-\$10/gm—mostly Lebanese.

Acid—malt double domes have a wee bit of speed but do the thing: \$225/100, \$3 each. Chocolate—fine two-trip tabs for \$4-\$5 each.

Mescaline—strawberry (alas, synthetic): good, \$275 per 100, \$3-\$5 each.

MOVEMENT SCORECARD:

YOUNG LORDS—hokey aggravated kidnapping warrant out on Cha Cha Jimenez, scattered court dates throughout membership.

BLACK PANTHERS—everyone in trouble as result of nationwide campaign to bag the cat. Chairman Fred Hampton leads the way with 9 cases.

YOUNG PATRIOTS—Gale Mead indicted for two-year-old draftcard burning shortly after joining; Nine Patriots busted at Community Council meeting.

SDS—busts continue. People cracked at U of I demonstration protesting police training course on campus; Marilyn Katz busted at Poor People's demonstration.

FRED—Clark Kissenger Busted for "interfering" when he showed at friend's house during a dope raid.

DOPERS—heat rising with temperature. Be cool.

HELPFUL #s--CLIP & SAVE

Seed	2628 N Halsted	929-0133
Kaleidoscope	1876 N Sheffield	472-7090
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
SDS	1608 W Madison	666-3874
Chicago Film Coop (Newsreel)	162 N Clinton	641-0932
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Rev. Auto Co-op	3855 N Ashland	528-5112
Sedgewick Mental Health Center	1900 N Sedgewick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th	842-0222
Grace Church (runaways)	555W Belden (Random Place)	Li9-1002
LSD Rescue	1918 N Mowhawk	664-1422
	6820 S Crandon	642-7937

Kinetic Plygrnd	4812 N Clark	Su4-1700
Aragon	1106W Lawrence	Lo1-8323
Triangle Prod	211 E Chicago	787-7585
Auditorium Theater	70 E Congress	922-2110
Fred	2744 N Lincoln	348-2246
Cadre	519 W North	664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
Am Friends Serv	407 S Dearborn	Ha7-2533
ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Stud Comm	357 E Chicago	649-8482
Po-lice	(request Dist)	Wa2-4747
Po-lice Emerg.	--	Po5-1313
Audy Home (juv)	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	La3-0101
Ombudsman	Bx8080, Chi 60680	744-8080



KONSPIRACY

After a month-long battle with the Catholic Church, the Conspiracy has set up "permanent" offices at 28 E. Jackson Ave., fourth floor.

In early April, the Conspiracy signed a lease with the New World building, which turned out to be owned and operated by the Archdiocese of Chicago. Two hours after the staff began moving in furniture, the manager of the building decided he made a mistake, and gave the Conspiracy 30 days to get out of the Crossfreaks' building.

The real question is, "Why was the Conspiracy permitted to sign the lease in the first place?" The manager knew what the Conspiracy was before the lease was signed. He was given a copy of the federal indictments charging the eight demonstrators (Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seal and Lee Weiner) with conspiracy to incite a riot during the democratic convention.

Speculation is that the world come down directly from Cardinal Cody's office. Cody, a close friend of It's Emperor Richard J. Daley, has established a record of being against many of the "liberal" measures recently before the Church, including the **role** of black priests in their own churches.

A damages suit against the New World building and the Archdiocese of Chicago is currently being prepared by Conspiracy lawyers seeking reimbursement from the Church for impeding office functions, halting fund raising projects (the Conspiracy is nearly out of money, four months before the trial is to begin). Reimbursement for the costs of establishing a new office and moving, is also being sought.

In spite of the Church problems, some activities of the Conspiracy have been established. Leaflets and buttons have been printed, and Rennie Davis and Lee Weiner have gone on a speaking tour of area colleges with Oakland 7 member Terry Cannon.

A paperback book written by the eight defendants and edited by Abbie Hoffman will be published early this summer by Dell press. Hear Fug Ed Sanders is working on a Yippie history to be called Abbie and the Witch. Also ready this summer will be the Conspiracy newspaper, Washoi, dealing with governmental repression.

A Conspiracy tag day is being set up for June 11, the first day of summer. Volunteers for this project are needed.

Legal work in preparation for the September trial is continuing. Conspiracy lawyers filed pre-trial motions earlier this month, which asked for dismissal of the indictments on constitutional grounds and scored the anti-riot statutes as violating fundamental freedoms of speech, press, assembly and petition.

Other motions call on the government to produce its wiretapping and bugging records, disclose the records of the six-month grand jury proceedings, and release all other evidence obtained by the government.

Witnesses to any event concerning the defendants during the pre-convention period as well as convention week itself are urgently needed. For those of you with coin, time, or talent to spare, the Conspiracy needs help in order to continue its fight against city, federal and church harassment both in and out of court. Send your dollars and dimes, information and inquiries to the Conspiracy, 28 E. Jackson, Chicago, Illinois, 60604; or call 427-7773.

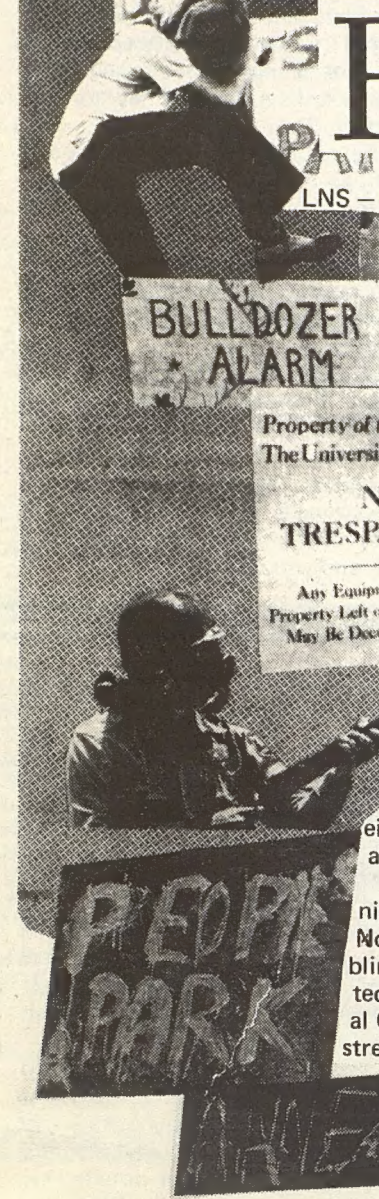
For the Conspiracy
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PEOPLE'S PARK OUTCRY! FINALS

FROM BERKELEY



Berkeley, Calif.
LNS — Local law enforcement officers shotgunned dozens of Berkeley citizens last week; in the face, blinding one; in the back; indiscriminately into a crowd of bystanders. One resident was killed; others are maimed and crippled for life.

As you read this, Berkeley is an occupied city. It is no different from Berlin or Saigon, or the dozens of other occupied "foreign" cities that you read about in the daily press.

There is a curfew each night from 10PM until 6am; No public gathering, assembling or loitering is permitted. Close to 2000 National Guardsmen patrol the streets.

Why? What could possibly cause such massive force to be deployed in

The vacant lot now known as "People's Park" had been an eyesore in Berkeley for years. People parked cars there, dumped trash, loitered and sold dope there.

Recently, hundreds of Berkeley residents began to transform the vacant lot into a park. They planted flowers, built sculptures, donated their time and love to make the Park a place where Berkeley residents could come in safety and peace.

But the University of California has a piece of paper which says it OWNS the land. The University said it warned that they would reclaim the land when they felt it was necessary.

The people who built the Park are Berkeley residents, most of whom spend their time near the University campus, and thus feel that they have some stake in what happens in their community. To these people, the Park represents a tremendous investment of work and energy and love.

"For the first time in my life," said one participant, "I enjoyed working. I think lots of people had that experience. Ever since I was 18, I hated every job and either quit or was fired. But this was something different. With aching back and sweat on my brow, there was no boss. What we were creating was our own desires, so we worked like madmen and loved it."

Berkeley citizens USED the Park. A recent article in the Berkeley Barb said, "No one keeps records, but it looks like 1,000 people a day use People's Park sometimes between early morning and midnight." Over 4500 people have used the Park on the past three Sundays alone. "I personally think the Park is a great idea," said Walter Nesbitt, forestry superintendent of the Berkeley Department of Parks. "It's a very constructive project, and it's much more attractive than the mudhole that was there previously."

At 4:00AM Thursday, May 15th, 400 policemen stormed the Park and evicted the 75 people who had spent the night there. By noon, a frantic work crew had built a strong concrete-anchored chain fence, and the po-

lice forcibly held the areas adjacent to the Park.

What once had been a gathering place for thousands of people was now a military outpost: fenced in and defended with guns.

Roger Heyns, Chancellor of the University of California, announced that the police had seized the Park "to re-establish the easily-forgotten fact that the field is indeed the University's, and to exclude unauthorized persons from the site."

All dissenters are "unauthorized persons." Don Mulford, State Assemblyman for the Berkeley district, applauded the police actions for "clearing out an element which has been too close to the gate of the University for too long. He claims that the Park was a "disgrace to Berkeley... and it has had a detrimental effect on a great many young people who have allowed themselves to be caught up in the unsavory atmosphere."

Mulford flatly says that our society has no room for certain kinds of people. Finally it has no room for any people, because it runs for money, not people. When citizens realize that, they try to get breathing space, and then the people who run things are threatened and they come down with clubs and guns.

It happens more and more often because our society CANNOT meet the needs of the great majority of its citizens. People's Park is the latest case.

The fundamental problems of society effect most everyone. The problems include: higher costs of living and higher taxes, with wages falling behind; people living in rat-infested hovels in the cities; astronomical tax increases to pay for the military budget, while thousands of Americans starve; workers being kicked out of jobs because of automation; schools to train a white elite, forcing the rest into low-caliber jobs.

While these problems show no sign of diminishing, those few who control America's fabulous wealth get fatter. Consider this: from 1965 the real weekly income of the American wage-earners STAYED ABOUT THE SAME. (In 1965, \$78.53 per week; in 1968, \$78.81.) In the same period, the profits of the top 500 corporations ROSE OVER 40%.

This is how America works. People's Park is small; for a lot of us, it hit the heart of something much larger.

an American city? Why did they come down so hard?

MADISON

I. DOING IT IN THE ROAD

Believe it or not, working for this rag gets to be a drag. It means doing all-night gigs in a tiny office with everybody treading on each other's toes and having straights bopping in at 3:30 AM to tell us to "get a job." It means peddling papers in da Loop where all my customers look like police officers. It means that on April 30th the Seed and nearly all our staff were homeless.

Perhaps the most nerve-racking activity is covering the Movement and politics. Collecting information for the Suzy Q Column gives me the chance to suffer through several daily newspapers and an endless number of meetings, rallies and other festive occasions.

Every weekend I like to relax and dig the grass and my chick in Madison, Wisconsin. It's good to get away

from it all to a place where the local spelling bee is page one news.

For a change, I took the train (it turned out to be much more comfortable than the bus). I hung out all day Friday, and on Saturday took some MDA that immobilized me for six hours. Saturday they had the street

dance. "Let's Do It In The Road," the sign read. There was a picture of the Zig-Zag man with a bandolier of ammunition and the legends "Armed Love", "Off the Pig", and "Roll Your Own Reality." There was no permit. None was asked for.

The pig was prompt, barricades were set up and people settled down to do a number. When I got to the intersection of Bassett and Mifflin it was filled with an aimless assortment of up-tight freaks and greasers waiting for whatever. I got an engraved invitation: "Your presence is kindly requested at the barricades. RSVP" When I hit the spot I found no helmets, shields, clubs or guns. All I had was my kazoo, so I split with everyone else when the pigs came. They had clubs: all I could do was play "camptown reace-track's three miles long, dooda dooda." If this is going to be a Bring Your Own Gun Revolution we're in big trouble.

The number with the pigs took several days. It was a cool party, with tear-gas galore. An artificial cloud hung over the whole neighborhood. It made my eyes water, but my lungs, hardened by Chicago's sulphur dioxide, came through. Older folks didn't do so well.

They were gassed as they played canasta in their homes.

A tractor trailer was used to create a makeshift barricade at Washington and Bassett. More gas. At one point I was the only person on an entire block, but a pig fired a cannister to "disperse the crowd." Somebody who was a bad driver rather than a dedicated revolutionary dented a patrol car at Washington and Broom. He was driving a convertible. The sound of seasoned wood on a human skull is an odd one.

The party went on with slight variations (e.g., Cocktails Molotov, Smashed Windows a la mode, and games like Gas the Dorms) for two more nights. There were more than 100 arrests. Tear gas (both CN and the barf-inducing CS) and pepper gas permeated the air.

II. DUE PROCESS

While in Madison I heard the new Lenny Bruce Berkeley Concert album (Reprise-Bizarre Records). A major part of the record concerns itself with Lenny's legal hassles. It was part of his satirical style to appear earnestly respectful of our great system. He knew that the legal system was pure bullshit, a vicious bullshit at that. His rap is very different than Blood, Sweat & Tears' "Smiling Phases": "Smile when they bust you/ Smile when they sentence you/ And you will be amazed/

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cont. from p. 3-Berke.

The American system that allows corporations to rake it in while workers must struggle to keep alive. The American system cannot solve its own problems because it is the system that causes those problems. Capitalism is DESIGNED to benefit only a few at the expense of the many.

The fact that America increasingly cannot solve its problems clearly shows that it is a decaying social order. It must run a tight ship. It tries to smooth over the faults and fissures which are the signs of that decay. America presents a one-dimensional facade with no room for color and variation. On a tight ship you can't rock the boat.

People who realize this try to fight back. In People's Park, at the University of California, at Columbia, in Detroit, in Mexico, in France, in Vietnam. We read every day about students, black people, workers, all kinds of people—fighting back against that small group of men who control our country, the politicians, generals and corporation executives. These "protestors" have tried the so-called "legitimate" methods: negotiation, the courts, grievance committees, the "proper Channels."

In the early '60's, black people intensified the fight for their rights. The system naturally did not respond. Their condition remained the same. Black people now fight to free themselves from the system itself.

Workers, black and white, traditionally have tried to fight vicious managements through their unions. But the unions sold them out, and union leaders now work hand-in-glove with the corporations. Now workers have formed

groups—like the League of Revolutionary Black Workers in Detroit—to fight not only the corporations, but also the racist union leadership. The Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union, in Richmond, California, asked striking students at SF State and UCB to join them in their fight against Standard Oil.

High School and college students have been trained for years to change their schools through student government and administrative committees. But it has become clear that the only way to equalize educational opportunity and to get breathing space is to totally reorganize the entire educational system. Now the system only concentrates on educating elite white students to serve the capitalist system, rather than making schools into institutions that serve the people.

The "proper channels" have failed. Society does not—cannot—meet everyone's needs, not the way it works now. People whose needs aren't met now rise up in anger against the society. They must begin to fight to control their lives.

A tight ship has no room for "misfits," must repress "rebellion."

—Police have been used on over 100 campuses this year, the National Guard has been called to schools 6 times, over 4000 people have been arrested.

—The U.S. has dropped more bombs on Vietnam than the total number dropped during WWII, and maintains more than 3300 bases in 64 countries.

—The police fire into a crowd of innocent white people in Berkeley. Outrageous, but that's what they've been doing in the black ghettos for years. In the past four years

alone, the National Guard had occupied over 70 cities. Police and Guardsmen have killed over 200 black people and injured over 5000. Guardsmen occupied the city of Wilmington, Del. for OVER NINE MONTHS.

Last Friday night, May 16, 24 hours after the shootings in Berkeley, police shot and killed a 15-year old black student in Burlington, North Carolina. Over 15 members of the Black Panther Party have been killed during the last three years.

Short of murder, America's organized repression takes many other forms. For instance, over 60 Black Panthers have been arrested in New York City and given exorbitant bails. Many Panthers and other radicals sit in jail at this moment, around the country. They are America's political prisoners.

America is becoming a militarized society. A police state. Ask yourself this:

Which came first—the struggle for black liberation or racism?

Which came first—the struggle for self-determination in Vietnam, or the occupation by imperialist troops?

Which came first—the student revolt or the creation of elitist, hollow universities?

In People's Park, the Berkeley community tried to build something of its own. It wasn't much to begin with, but it was something new, something to replace the existing "order." Just as in Vietnam, just as in Detroit, in Watts, everywhere, this attempt was met with the most vicious suppression. The struggle for self-determination everywhere is the struggle for the new society. Bullets, clubs and tear gas cannot and will not end it.

cont. from p. 3-Mad.

At they way they stare/As they walk past your door."

Satire is one thing, going into the streets is another. Due process supposedly means that everyone has equal rights and protection under the law, that the law is applied in the same way to everybody, and that everyone must be treated in accord with existing laws by officers of the law. Due process does not exist in this country. It never has. It probably never will. And I'm not just talking about little incidents like the son of a judge getting off scot-free after killing a family of five while driving drunk out of his skull. I'm not restricting this statement to the reality that rich people seem to be acquitted more often than poor people.

Then again, I'm not being naive. You can't expect that just because the fraternities closed off Langdon Street for Greek Week without bothering to get a permit, local freaks can close off their street for a one-day affair. A million drunken Shriners can march through downtown Chicago, but 6,000 young people get ambushed in Grant and Lincoln Parks. Just because that piece of parchment said "all men are created equal" doesn't mean that much of white America isn't longing for the good old days when "darkies" counted for three-fifths of a man.

Ugh! White man's law, and only for some. For years blacks have been brought into station houses in pieces after "falling down stairs." Blacks have been shot because "I saw something shiny." "Peace" officers stand over dark-skinned corpses and mutter "he went after my gun" while hoping that nobody will mention the handcuffs around the dead man's wrists. In the ghetto the dragnet replaces competent police work because "they all look alike." Ask a Japanese-American how he liked the camps during World War II. Ask a Wobblie. Go to the cemetery and ask Lennie Bruce. And now you can ask long-hair college students or anyone else who offends the cultural standards of the white American adult, bourgeois or working-class, small-town banker or factory worker. If you're non-white or hairy you've got a problem. A favorite sport in places like Madison, and even in parts of this enlightened city, is driving around late at night in cars with huge rear tires looking for longhairs to beat up. If you complain to a cop (remember due process) he will ask you for your identification while your attackers walk away.

Dig it (you too, Daily World). It wasn't because the masses were misinformed that they approved the police action. It was because they don't like us. I know your best friends (the liberals) won't tell you, but it's fact. They don't like us. The media, the culture, the economy, the need to scapegoat—they don't like us. The spirit of American law has never really opposed wasting blacks or Indians, and it's beginning to extend its kindnesses to freaks. Don't expect due process. It's not yours.

III. RECTIFY THE PARTY'S STYLE OF WORK AND OPPOSE STEREOTYPED WRITING BLUES

Madison SDS had a revolution dumped in its lap. A thousand kids. Students, "hippies", even the proverbial "working class youth" were on the streets fighting the police. Even the ultra-rightist Hayakawa Squad, which had broken through Black Student Strike lines three months before, supported the action and condemned police violence. Yet the local chapter decided that the time was right to preach anti-imperialism in the most stilted rhetoric at its command.

Madison SDS was out of it. Seven of the eight people of the Steering Committee didn't think the cops would come despite a week's rumbling to the contrary. One speaker spent his time comparing the struggle to hold a street dance with the struggle of the Vietnamese people. And they accuse drug people of being into cosmic truths!

Picture a situation where things have escalated to the point where Molotov cocktails are de rigueur. Would the Steering Committee say "Named for Hero of Socialism, Comrade Molotov, this device was used as a people's weapon against the fascists in the past and continues to be used by peoples' liberation struggles," or would it put out a leaflet saying "Fill bottle ¾'s full with gasoline, add a bit of Ivory Snow, cork with gas-soaked tamper, light, throw and get the fuck out of the neighborhood." There is a time for analysis and a time for developing one's pitching arm. Rapping to a room-full of like-minded people is different than screaming slogans into the tear gas. (This may seem tautological, but there are too many people who don't see the difference.)

SDS is the only large white activist organization

in the nation. I don't want to support the parade of media clowns condemning it. The Young Socialist Alliance seems to exist to sell magazines. Progressive Labor is becoming the biggest sectarian joke since the Socialist Labor Party (the PL line on Molotov Cocktails would probably be, "Put that down. The workers won't like it!"). All PL does is go around telling people to get a haircut and get a job. I've heard that before. It's not a good line to use with the youth of New America.

SDS is the organization that must bear the brunt of making a revolution in America, a gargantuan task. Yet Madison SDS was obstructionist. It turned people off through ego, bullshit, rhetoric, and misplaced enthusiasm.

Yes, I agree that the main struggle in the world should be directed against American imperialism. I support wars of national liberation. But I don't think that these are issues that will stimulate the overwhelming majority of Americans at this time. Later for detailed critiques. Later for an amaturity that leads SDS to act self-consciously (with blacks) and self-destructively (with Al Fatah) in support of other people's liberation struggles without initiating demands of its own. The isolation of America is so overwhelming that even its revolution must be totally different than the struggle in the rest of the world. The way to aid that struggle is to make an American revolution that meets American needs. Only then can America fuse with the rest of the world.

If you are going to organize American youth, the issues better revolve around what affects THEIR lives. Dope. The draft. Depersonalization. Dancing in the streets. You may draw a couple of people to a class on anti-imperialism, but you aid the struggle far more by getting people to take to the streets over a dance that they feel a part of. Ain't nobody gonna free Madison because the CIA is in Guatemala. This isn't Petrograd 1917, it's America 1969 and it makes its own demands in its own terms. Once again, the best way to aid the Vietnamese people is by fucking the system here at home and not by giving long-winded speeches in indecipherable language about supporting the heroic struggle of the blah blah blah.



Don't swamp the revolution with bullshit rhetoric.

Mark Lewis Firstenberg

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Ten days after the last shovel full of earth was laid over their slain brother, the Young Lords led the community in a march to present the proper authorities with a people's warrant demanding the arrest of the killer of Manuel Ramos.

After listening to Chairman Cha Cha Jimenez, Minister of Information, Luis Cuza, and SDS's Slim Coleman, the latin, black and poor white line wound its way up Armitage Avenue, into a primarily Latin neighborhood. The five-to-seven hundred strong vanguard gained support as it cut through the bowels of what the ruling class ignores and the "informed" pass of as local color. The march was a thousand strong by the time it reached the Cabrini-Green Houses. Following the Panther sister's call of "no more pigs in our community," and ignoring the Red Squad photographers, the phalanx entered the project.

The Young Lords and the other rally sponsors (the Black Panther Party; the Young Patriots; Back, Active and Determined; and the Concerned Citizens Survival Front) had requested permission from resident organizations to be allowed to pass through the development — with one unfortunate exception. The Cobra Stones, part of the Black Peace Stone Nation coalition, resented what they considered an intrusion on their turf. As the march, now two thousand strong, moved down Division Street, toward Wells, rocks and bottles came from the ranks of the Cobra Stones. A few persons at the rear of the line were hit, but nobody was seriously injured.

Twenty cops headed by Deputy Chief of Patrol, Stanley Lynskey met the march in front of the Chicago Avenue station. Lynskey said that State's Attorney Hanrahan was not in the building (Hanrahan had been scheduled to address a community relations meeting). Assistant State's Attorney Hett, who was on the prem-

ises, refused to meet with march representatives. Hett changed his mind after the crowd decided to wait all night to hear from him.

While Cha Cha was inside the 18th, the Stones taunted the crowd, burning a Young Lord's purple beret. While a contingent was trying to make the understand the purpose of the march, a fire broke out on the roof of the insurance agency across the street. Some Young Lords quickly put it out, but not before 200 cops took to the street and formed a skirmish line.

The appearance of Hett and Cha Cha cooled what could have been a multiple incident. Hett announced that an investigation was already in process. While it didn't sound like much, Cha Cha asked the crowd to disperse to avoid any counter revolutionary violence. The majority marched up LaSalle Street to Lincoln Park. A window at the local A&P mysteriously shattered, and some of the paraders helped themselves to snacks.

The cops now claim that a .22 caliber pistol was found in the doorway where Manuel was shot. They say that it had been stolen on the north side a week before the slaying. Anyone remembering the Nuccio stories after he shot Ron Nelson last June may detect an odor in the air.

It was the power of the people that turned the course of violence. It was the Lords and Patriots who directed traffic without the aegis of city parade permit. And it is the power of the people that will continue to insist that justice be done.

All power to the people.

Al Rosenfeld



FRED — On Weds., May 14, just a few minutes before midnight, a coalition of poor people's organizations occupied the brand new Academic Administration Building at McCormick Theological Seminary.

For the past two years, McCormick has been under increasing pressure, from both internal and external sources, to deal with the problems of the surrounding community. It is important to understand from the outset that McCormick (located at Fullerton and Halsted) has helped to create these problems. It is not an innocent bystander. The biggest single issue is that of housing. McCormick, in conjunction with other institutions in the community (principally DePaul U. and Children's Memorial Hospital) has instigated and supported an urban renewal program in the community which was and is designed to remove poor people and replace them with middle and upper income residents. This has been done primarily through the destruction of 1100 family housing units and the removal of 3 or 4 times as many families by institutional take-over of housing or by the housing being priced upwards out of reach of the former residents. In addition to its aggressive action against the community people in this regard, McCormick has been totally insensitive to the other needs of the surrounding community and has failed to meet its obligations as Christian or as neighbor.

Recently, McCormick has been pressured by three groups to deal with the problems of the community. These groups are the McCormick Town Meeting, the Black Student Caucus, and an amalgam of community organizations called the Poor People's Coalition (PPC). The groups operating within this coalition include the Young Lords Organization

(YLO), the Young Patriots, Black Active and Determined, the Concerned Citizens Survival Front, the Welfare and Working Mothers of Wicker Park, and the Latin American Defense Organization (LADO), among others. Representatives of the PPC participated in a rally on McCormick grounds on the evening of Tues., May 6. On Weds., May 7, the PPC met with representatives of the McCormick administration and presented a series of 10 demands. McCormick was given one week to adequately respond to these demands. The demands were, in brief: (1) That McCormick immediately turn over to the community \$601,000 for low cost housing development, (2) That McCormick provide facilities for a community daycare center, (3) That all apartments owned by McCormick be rented to poor and working class families, (4) That the fence around McCormick be torn down (5) That the new Stone building or another facility be provided by McCormick for use as a Puerto Rican community cultural center, (6) That McCormick provide \$25,000 to the YLO in order that they can develop programs to better serve the people, (7) That McCormick publicly oppose and condemn the political persecution of the YLO, the Black Panther Party, LADO, and all other people's organizations in the city, (10) That McCormick provide \$25,000 to begin a legal bureau controlled by the PPC to serve the legal needs of the people of the community.

In a meeting on Mon., May 12, McCormick presented a series of formal answers to the demands of all the groups involved, including the PPC. Their response to the demand for low-income housing funds was that the siminary restated its concern about housing in the community and would explore with all community groups and institutions the po-

cont. on page 18—

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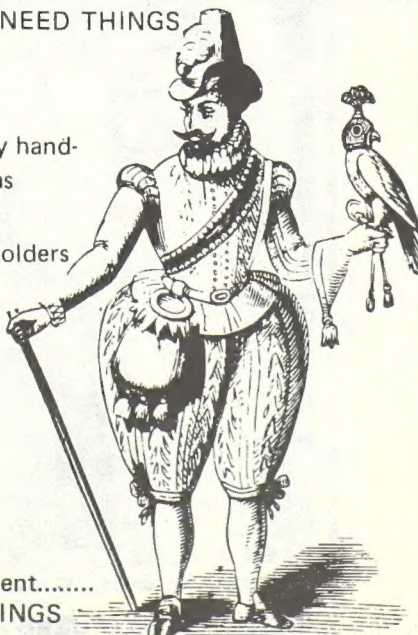
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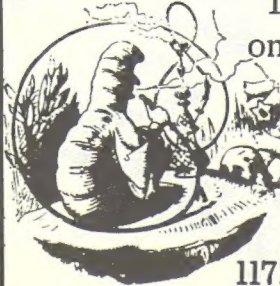
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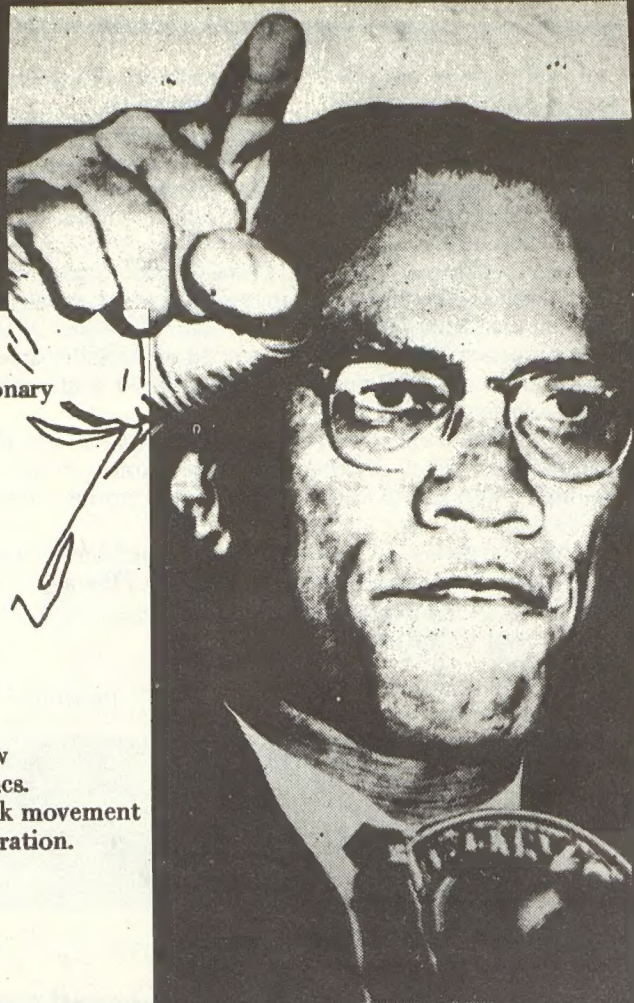
TO MALCOLM X

When a man becomes a revolutionary
He becomes
A fool
A laugher
And a weeper
A King who dies unknown
He soars with the angels
And crawls
In Hell.
But even in all of his agony
You can hear his scream—
"I am a revolutionary."

The Black Panther Party is a new
Dimension in the world of politics.
It is more than just another black movement
It is the Movement for total liberation.
We are the vanguard party
Leading
To social Revolution.
"I am a revolutionary."

Field Secretary
State of Illinois
Bob Lee

Malcolm X would have been 44 on May 19th.



The Young Lords Won't Protect You

It's two o'clock in the morning. A freak walks down the street, going home in the Chicago night. Down the block, figures appear. The Mohawk Street boys. They see the longhair and give chase. Run, Run, Run. Oh! — its gonna be a hell of a beating if... suddenly more bodies jump out of a concealed alleyway. They wear purple berets. Young Lords to the rescue. The bereted youths leap upon the attacking grease and, after some scuffling, emerge victorious. They escort the grateful hippie to his doorstep.

This is a popular scenario on the North Side these days. People have somehow gotten the impression that the Young Lords are going to be a po-lice force for freaks. "The Feed Store is safe," a friend tells me, "The Yung Lords keep an eye on it." This attitude — "They'll watch out for us" — is very prevalent. It's also very exploitative, and it is also very wrong.

I mean, really. Don't the Young Lords have enough to do? They're busy (an understatement) organizing Latin people and fighting for the rights of Latins, and the hip community has no right to ask them to neglect their proper work to look out for stoned hippies. Moreover, the Young Lords are in plenty of danger already. They are spied upon followed, siezed, and shot. They take enough risks without adding to their burden. We have no right to divert their energy for something we could do ourselves.

Not only is it an unfair attitude, it's not even correct. I may feel that Manuel Ramos is my brother, but then why was I at the Airplane concert instead of protesting his death? Now it's alright to go see the Airplane if that's your thing, but you can't expect to come back to Lincoln Avenue later and be protected.

Sorry, but the Young Lords are not going to be our po-lice force. If we want a self-defense force, we'll have to do it ourselves, which is not an impossibility. There's certainly enough energy, enough militance. There are models to learn from — the Motherfuckers, the Panthers. There are, no doubt, people who can teach karate and other self-defense methods. Anyone could quickly learn the essentials of Legal Self-Defense (how to deal with the Man). It could all be done by us, but it shouldn't be and won't be done for us.

Mike

Dissent became resistance this week in Chicago as two separate assaults were made on the Selective Service System.

In Evanston on May 23, seminary students and laymen entered the draft board at Main & Chicago and proceeded to read the names of the 35,000 Americans killed in Vietnam. Most of the demonstrators were members of the North Shore Coalition for Peace. Seven arrests were made.

On Sunday May 25, eighteen men and women liberated, by fire, the draft files of Chicago's largest draft board at 2349 W. 63rd. Red paint and tar were poured over desks and cabinets. All 18, including John Kois and Gary Ballspieper of Milwaukee Kaleidoscope, were arrested and charged with arson, criminal damage to property and burglary.

SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION

This is to certify that

Lewis R Hershey
(First name) (Middle initial) (Last name)
Selective Service No.

96 696 69 9669

is classified in Class unclassifiable
until The Day of Ragnarok

by Local Board unless otherwise
checked below:

☒ by Appeal Board
vote of 100000 to 1

☐ by President
25 May 1969
(Date of mailing)

Joe Momma
(Member or clerk of local board)

X
(Registrant's signature)
SSS Form 110 (Revised 1-25-66)
(Approval not required)

The attack seems to have been carefully planned. Last week, one of the arrested Carmelite priests rented an office on the same floor as the draft board and placed a sign on the door which read "Mt. Carmel Book Distributors."

A statement released by the liberators said in part: "Today...we enter the Chicago South Side Draft Board Complex...to remove and burn Selective Service Records. We still have a dream of being able to communicate with this society. But we can no longer confine our peace making efforts to the ordinary channels of polite discourse. For we are confronting an extremely urgent situation in which the twin evils of American militarism and racism are monstrously interconnected."

When firemen arrived in response to a call to put out a trash fire at the draft board, they found some of the liberators dancing around the bonfire and singing "We Shall Overcome." The firemen summoned the police.

OFFICIAL HARVARD STRIKE SHIRT as pictured on LIFE cover 4/25/69

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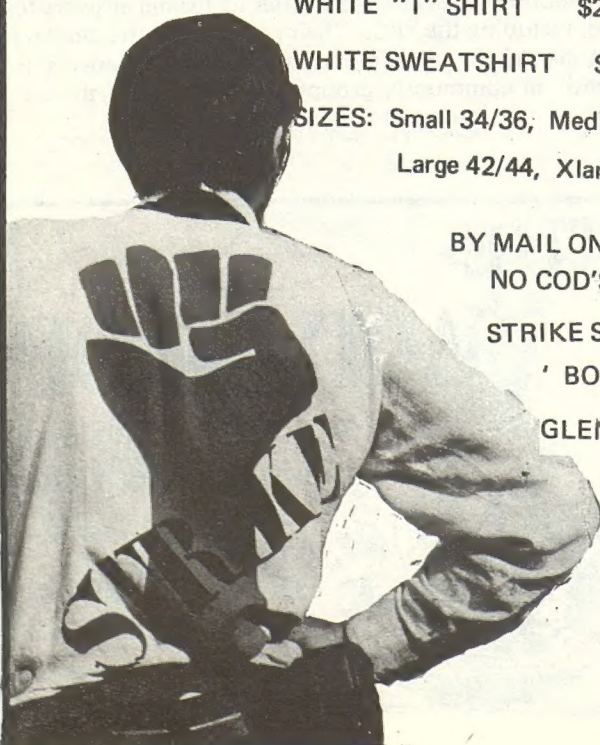
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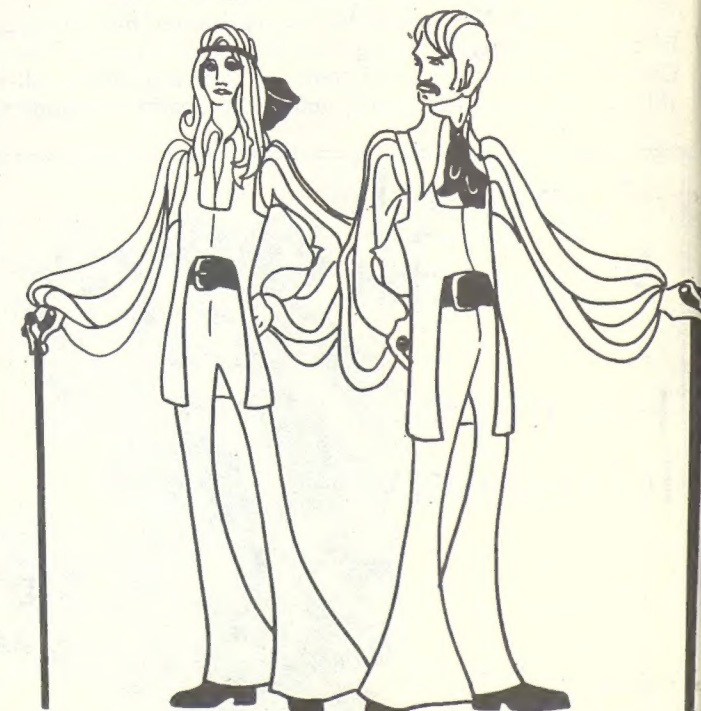
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First in Unisex Fashions!

You've come a long way, baby...

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went

That was the gist of my thought as the discussion moved to dwell on "What's wrong with M___? Why does she irritate us?" The Marxism as introduced had been unidentifiable, except as smooth vocabulary of class struggle organizing workers and accusations of "You're bourgeois" Exactly what has set men laughing to imagine those sweet sillies gathers to complain against them. Being black is a way of knowing - is being female also a way of knowing?

For the women, their talk of M___ was not gossip, but a desire to form a more cohesive union, not a "self-revelatory rite" but a willingness to share yourself and what you care about, to discover mutual experiences, experiences changes of attitude, grow together. If M___ could not be helped, freed to partake of this feast, she might be abonded to her hang-ups.

They had appoached Hefner's bunnies recently, about playing sex-object, and had met hostility. Was it a matter of vocabulary? How do people learn by being rapped at? Or by being recognized, perhaps for the first time, as a full being? This is the basic question for the organizers, more important than differences of ideology or who the organizing agent is. H___, a longtime SDS worker, says recognition of individual being is "softheadedness, inconsistent with a strong belief," but she is not really so adamant, speaks like a revolutionary but lives as a person. Her concern is that people might join the movement out of need for security rather than a desire for independence. (I wonder, is this the attraction of any ideology or religion, to feel something larger which enhances the individual's value and magnifies his voice?)

The key word of the evening is STYLE: the means and manner of personal and group confrontation. A confrontation. A consciousness of group dynamics, of influencing and being influenced, being able to give and take criticism, realting to what's happening - all are STYLE. It would be bad STYLE to act inflexibly, always to agree or always to react hostilely to disagreement. A case of negative STYLE made C___ feel that "they had the divine message and I was a heretic." Another danger of ideology--the certainty of righteousness. E___ calls for a "flexible ideology which can carry you through any situation."

For all its apparent departures, this 3 hour discussion had form--the subject, confrontation, whether in this



gathering of a dozen women, or at the downtown conference on abortion law reform. Four of the group had attended, spoken, and felt put down. Women's Liberation wants complete repeal of abortion laws, and free abortion s for all. It seems a natural concomitant of the Pill, whose appearance is the biggest factor in making a women's revolution both possible and likely at this time. The cowlike contentment of pregnancy, the enervation of giving birth every year, the constant responsibility of raising numerous children, early aging--all this now under control, woman can reach into other realms. Technology has also freed woman from the drudgery of cooking and cleaning for long hours. She has observed the husband-wife relationship of her parents and developed other values for herself, at the same time that the men of her sub-culture have become more willing to share her labor. Men who are certain of their manhood do not need well-defined male-female roles to sustain their potency.

The liberated man no longer wants to be the center of a woman's universe; her dependence enchains them both. When each has his own interests aprt, they can bring strength to each other.

One of the Chicago group's historical studies of women states, "We are working together to create a society where people don't have to get married in order to have any form of love, respect or security. We want to eliminate marriage as we know it today. We want the freedom to love, and to choose whom to love, how to love. . . to love more than one person... (etc.)" (Reading, I thought: we have only to recognize that we are free. Freedom cannot be created, it can only be lived. I am already doing all this, don't need to demand it. But we do need to tell others that they don't have to follow the old ways any more, and maybe the WLM papers will reveal the good news to those who haven't yet realized it.)

The same paper makes clear that WLM is not pushing its own struggle at the expense of the overall liberations struggle. "We do not present women's liberation as the final crucial struggle to take humanity out of the darkness in which it lives, nor do we claim that we will find the perfect tactic which will bring capitalism to its knees. We want our revolution to be in the context of a total revolution; we cannot be free while others are not, and we will not work with any movement which does not treat us with dignity, respect and justice. Straighten up and fly right, studs.

Women's Liberation is represented by autonomous cells across the country and Canada. They propose to gain a sense of the intellectual history of women (research teams are gradually putting this together) to determine the causes and consequences of oppression, the effects of religious tenets, education, the family, etc. Still in an organizing bag after a year, on the concrete level, they have opened a day-care center in Hyde Park and investigated the sterilization of black women at Cook County Hospital. The ladies may avoid falling into the talk trap, or the security of ideology, by doing what needs to be done.

Ahead lie boycotts, demonstrations, speeches, WITCH guerilla theater--out of it may come schools that do not shrivel the soul, nurse pools to aid ghetto mothers, free abortions, population control, doctors and other professionals so badly needed (women are not allowed to be surgeons), a living wage at least for clerical slaves, and of course unforeseen developments.

One risk that women may lose the sense of themselves as cosmic sorceress - and being a woman would be far less interesting.

Cynthia Edelman

"Like the blacks who may set the whites free, the women may liberate the men."
Marlene Nadle, Village Voice

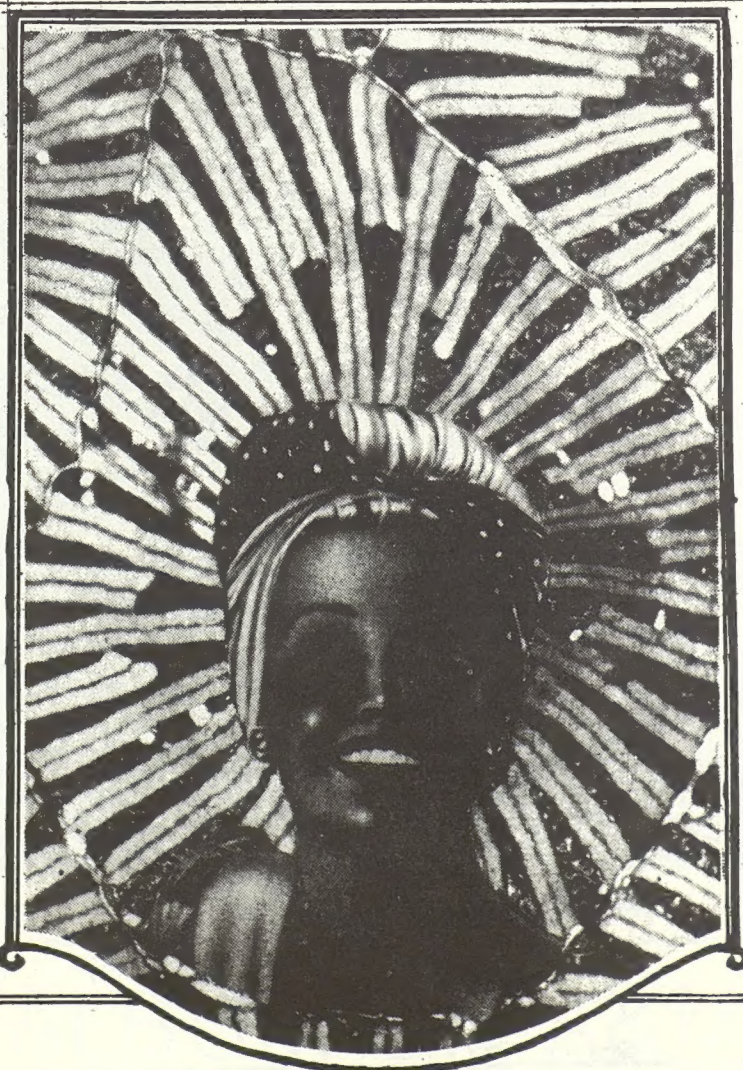
"Barbara is a model housewife. But she's the last person I would expect to brief me about what is going on in the world."
ad for The National Observer

"I've got three glorious minutes to myself before the alarm goes off."
from the film, The Secret Life Of An American Wife

"To all you gals out there to whom dates are important, give the guys a fighting chance."
Ann Landers

"If particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies we are determined to forment a rebellion and will not hold ourselves bound to obey any laws in which we have no voice or representation."
Abigail Adams to husband John, 1776

"womanly--like or befitting a woman; feminine; not masculine or girlish."
American College Dictionary



"I'm willing to bet, men, too, will come in droves to cast their jockey shorts into the flames of freedom."

Cheri Choudoir, Counterpoint

"Capitalist ideology and practice puts women in an oppressed, slave situation, although we are not colonial subjects."

Gumbo, Berkeley Barb

"I don't know anything about Women's Liberation."

a secretary at Playboy

"When you are fighting for your own liberation you fight to the death on all fronts."

Eldridge Cleaver

"I feel tense in a swimsuit."

Miss America contestant

"If you aren't liberated, admit that the reason is yourself."

Cheri Choudoir, Counterpoint



Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch, Head cartoonists of "Bijou Funnies", were interviewed by Scorpio on his WGLD-FM progressive-rock show. Following is a part of their conversation.

Scorpio: Why "Bijou Funnies"? Where did you get that name?

Jay: We used to do the "Mirror" and we just decided to change the name of the "Mirror" to "Bijou", and then we just decided to do comic books. Bijou's a good name, you know, movie theaters are called that.

Skip: It's a very comic book-type title.

Jay: I wanna do one called Wampus Comix, that's another good name, "Wampus"

Scorpio: What is the theme, the plot of "Bijou Funnies"? What are the main characters?

Jay: Well, I do Nard & Pat, Skip does Snappy Sammy smoot, and Crumb does Mr. Natural.

Skip: It really depends on the individual artist. See, there's no editorial policy or anything like that. The idea is that we are a display area for cartoonists who want to do work, and there are no real restrictions. We ask them to contribute and they do, and whatever they come up with we generally publish.

Scorpio: Why does it say "Adults Only"?

Jay: Well, comic books have always been considered in this country as children's entertainment, but in Italy they have "Fumetti Comics" which are photographs with balloons coming out of them; they have adult comics in Japan...

Skip: In France they have "Barbarella", which the movie was based on.

Jay: ...and they're certainly not something that was intended for children, although I'm sure it wouldn't hurt the children to see it, it's probably very healthy. See, it's really a legal hassle, it just serves as a flag on the front cover, and if someone should come back on us because their innocent young child got ahold of this thing...

Scorpio: Well, you know, it's not so much the people of today that are worried about it, it's the people of yesterday that look at today's material that get all excited.

Jay: "Bijou's" relatively tame, you know, compared to some of the other comix like dash-dash-dash-dash-dash comix [Snatch, ed.] that Robert Crumb does, which you can hardly buy anywhere these days.

Scorpio: Why does it sell for a half a buck? Most comix run you 12-15 cents.

Jay: It costs us about twenty cents a copy to print and distribute.

Skip: See, there's a difference between mass printing processes and limited printing processes. If we could print as many and get the circulation that Dell or Marvel has then we could sell it for less than they do, because we're not in the thing for profit. We're in it to do it, which is certainly more important than being in the thing for the money. And so if we could do it on that scale, which some day we may, you know, there's always that hope, then who knows maybe we can give them a way, sell em for two cents.

Jay: What we're doing now is that the more money we get the bigger a comic we make—like this issue is 32 pages, next issue will be 62.

Scorpio: Oh I see, you just reinvest; take enough for whatever you need to subsist and the rest goes back into the...

Jay: No, everything goes back.

Scorpio: Everything goes back?

Jay: We subsist on other things.

Skip: The Bijou Publishing Empire is expanding by the way. We are in the process of putting out a comic newspaper called "Bizarro", which is scheduled for the 15th of June. There's a comic newspaper coming out of New York called "The Gothic Blimpworks" which is edited by Bhob Stewart and Ken Beech, both are with the East Village Other.

Jay: In San Francisco you see more comix than you do underground papers now.

Skip: So it's hard to make a value judgment as far as underground comix go, because they're still on the move as far as popularity. We only have two issues of "Bijou" out. The first issue, in my opinion, after looking at the second issue, is weak, and that's natural. You know, you expect that...

Scorpio: Yeah, you keep building...

Skip: Yeah, the same way with "Zap". Robert Crumb, who is like the vanguard of underground cartoonists, started "Zap" shortly before "Bijou" came out, it was kind of a simultaneous spontaneous idea, we didn't know Robert Crumb was doing "Zap" while we were planning "Bijou" at the same time.

Jay: Crumb came to town and helped us start "Bijou". Crumb travels around the country helping people start underground comix. He started "Ozone Comix" and "Gothic Blimpworks." He's like a Johnny Appleseed.

[At this point, Scorpio played a record which Skip and Jay had brought along: "Ding Dong Daddy From Dumas", by Johnny Johnson And The Breakfast Club Orchestra.]

Scorpio: There's one strip here called the "Sli-thery Slib", who does the artwork on that?

Jay: Arty Spiegelman did that, he recently dropped out. He may never do another thing.

Scorpio: Why?

Jay: He does that once every year, I guess.

Skip: Periodically he'll move into the country and refuse to work for about six months, that's just the way he is...that's a nice way to be, you know, if you can do it.

Scorpio: Did he just do the artwork or did he do the poetry that goes along with it, too?

Jay: Everybody does everything. They write it and draw it.

Scorpio: [reads the copy] ...it rhymes, too!

Jay: Sure! It works that way!

Skip: I think the comic strips are extensions of what we're doing, you know, in our own lives. At least for me. When I do a comic strip it's a very spontaneous thing, I work from panel to panel. And for instance, what happens to Snappy Sammy Smoot generally is a parody or reflection or caricature of what's happened to me, you see. And I think it works that way most of the time. That's why you have the very topical themes, most of us are involved politically, are involved in the Movement, whatever the Movement is, and so naturally, it reflects itself in the comix. And at the same time you can have fun doing it, because you can laugh at yourself, you can laugh at everyone else, and it's just a gas!

Scorpio: This comic strip reminds me of those little rectangular comic books...

Jay: They used to give them away with shoes at Thom McAn's.

Scorpio: No, the ones I saw I don't think they gave away with shoes!

Skip: Yeah, I know what you're talking about. As a matter of fact, there are two comic books that have been published, and one that is in the process of being published, that are practically exact copies of what you're talking about. Only they're done on an underground level, so it's like taking the pornographic medium and translating it into what's happening now. And it's done very successfully.

Scorpio: [Reads the "Pobar Saltine" strip.]

Skip: The strip you just read was by Rory Hayes, and Rory Hayes is into a very strange thing. He's into "teddy Bear horror." He has a comic book out called "Boogie Man" and it all revolves around teddie bears, I mean their entrails ripped out by these horrible gruesome creatures. It's really a fantastic thing. It's like a conscious expression of horrible subconscious nightmares, you know, it's really a nice way to release your pent-up frustrations.

Scorpio: In this strip how did we go from Mister Grumpy in the bathtub to Marboro Country?

Skip: Well see, a lot of the strips are what you can call psychedelic or acid-strips or whatever, you know, like stream of consciousness. A lot of the strips probably don't make superficial sense, you know, in the sense

cont. on page 22



JOE COCKER / WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS



APPEARING AT THE KINETIC PLAYGROUND MAY 29-JUNE 1

A NEW ALBUM ON A&M RECORDS

Kokaine Karma

Bob Rudnick & Dennis Crowley

The pop world is crashing under the plastic bravado of its selfpraise, musical solipsism and commercial orientation which lead toward a strict class separation and a degenerate, bullshit path of "mature sophistication", alcohol, drugs, elitism, stardom, show business, artiness, campfire music, jiveness, an assinine sense of historical importance, and a superficial future consigned to trends, megalomaniac celebrities, and industry-induced myths. A Neo-Roman decadence has internationally seized the music of Youth -- fun, freedom, and change.

Temporarily stealing the music of our culture and confining the spirit of the people with bogus definitions of contemporary sounds and ignorance of its essence, importance, and power (except financial) are the Press Relations Perverts; trend sniffers; fringe freaks; juvenile racial, and cultural exploiters; and side-burned mustached opportunists, all of whom display the proper symbols, subvert the language and exhibit a dubious creative drive that propagates control, establishes boundaries, diverts talent and heaves obstacles into the forceful rampaging, free flowing rivers of the emerging youth culture. Impeding the flux with archaic solutions, a proselytizing obedience to established economic and social patterns and an ego-centered, individualistic production of artificial reverse directional streams, rotting nonfertile plateaus constructed in the death society's image, and anti-explanations about the emergence of a new culture spearheaded by youth's music.

The only absolute in nature is change. And the spirit of the people will survive the establishment's manipulation and distalation of their music, the unnatural forging of its personality, and the maliciously purposeful distortion (hypes) of its definitions. Once again, the people are being alienated from their modes of communication. Instead of music coming from the PEOPLE, IT IS BEING GIVEN TO THEM. Packaged for consumption with the inherent joyous spirit bleached out.

Rock n' Roll = youth. From its 1950's beginning, it served to bring us together break our bonds to move freely, instill a natural, healthy, strong sexual drive. Rock n' Roll equals coming together.

It doesn't seem possible that the current wave of popular music has evolved from it. Sitting, legs crossed, concert-like, no smoking uptight atmosphere, watching the supposed "super" human beings, nobility demonstrating technical proficiency. During some dimensional time warp, musicians stopped being entertainers and started being superstars.

Who is responsible for programming minds (musicians and ours) to forget San Francisco's rebirth of people's music? Acid freaks played music for all their brothers. Everybody got stoned. Had fantastic time. Got Stoned! Danced. Moved. Moved. Band, audience = ONE. B Free. N differentiation. People, -- Get Down!

What is this shit? Pay \$5 bucks, sit down in a seat for hours. Some bands just play their albums, some jack-off endlessly; some bored with their own music, hate each other and plan to split up after sucking more bread from fans. Don't even dig audience. Creative in studio, not on stage. Colorless performance; maybe they're good technicians, proficient. Visually, nothing. No thing. Fuck that shit, I want a show. Are niggers and MC-5 the only ones who entertain? Great stage act. Inspiration James Brown, Mr. Dynamite. Lightshows have been carying nonvisual and/or dull, blank bands.

Royalty and Pop Music synonymous. Bullshit. All Kings and Queens suck. The hierarchy of pop is as bogus, impotent and as obsolete as any aristocracy. Fuck elitism. Musicians are people, must forget.

Areas invaded by rock vibes are liberated territories. Musical occurrences are cultural events. Festivals of Life bringing the community together to have a good time. Religious happenings. Musicians are holy men (John Coltrane, Sun Ra, Albert Ayler, Pharoah Sanders).

Fuck the Pop Mystic, Underground Music and Progressive Rock. It's all a ruse -- the money -- fame sickness, a germ spread by noncreative capitalism to strip our communities of inspirational leadership, I ain't kidding. They extracted the germ of degrade' from Judy Garland, and then shoot it into Janis Joplin's mainline. The ogre of materialism-cum-imperialism, with its efficient tactic of genocide, must not destroy our emerging culture. Decadence is the last fling of a decaying, corrupt society, but our music can be a fortress against bourgeoisie perversion. It can free us from totalitarian chains of ingibition, paranoia, insecurity and depression. Working the way it should, our music is dangerous to the ingrained patterns and rigidity of the honky death culture. It is the best means of communication we have. Use it to express emotion, energy, love. The sound is a magnet for solidarity.

RECORD REVIEW/POEM

CECIL TAYLOR — BLUE NOTE RECORDS

*****UNIT STRUCTURES*****

Some people can't wait, they pile the Future on top of the NOW. Cecil Taylor can't wait. He builds 6 mountains on 1 molehill while dancing the Electronic Jig (for mad niggers only). "Carefull boys don't drop the box of potatoes on the piano. Can't have the Idahos ruin my 88's." "You did! You did! Why you lousy motherfuckah!" Rung()Arnalinglingingoclog()plink clang clang ding ding ding()plankplunk bam puik()/socktat-a-tat rat-a-tat.....††\$††\$††*****&&&&&&@

After they clapped Cecil played a ballad for pigs & freaks. True his 88 was out of tune but not really. After this long, who cares? "Cecil does! You fools!"

"When I cut my record dates at the studio I use a Yamahahaha." Cecil is quoted.

"Mr. Taylor, do you play jazz?" "Umm well ah I ah why do you stink?" *** Let's do the rumble tumble muthuhfuchuh.

Do the rumba boogaloo at an accelerated rate 9,000 ml per capita mm cc 1/2 of Mary's speedometer on a floor of gluey sticky guney jelly shit fly paper.

UNIT STRUCTURES

Steps builds energetically foaming at the siderails with gluepot perspiration. Kinetic -- fire. Jelly Soul Morton do the Tra La La La. Quivering heights of Cecil's piano. Slippery dippery basses -- Silva & Grimes Chug-a-lug Cyrille. Andrew's his first name. Rest-build-up "Jimmy, hurry up I'm bursting at the seams". Ahhhhh***(f) "This is it. I'm comin' You all muthuhfuchuh. Screem. Surgery." "Yes doc. I got the blade." "Good boy, Harry. Now put it to your throat and pull. Yes. That's it. Beautiful! Beautiful!" "And it's Crazy Ken in the lead at the old Blue Grass Race Track this bright & deathly morning of mother's a muthuh. Alto Ken, muthuh Ken Dig it Ken.

Crazy. Crashing. Multitudinous. Writing on the liner, steams up. Hyroglyphics

Enter--Evening like a pillow of sticky needles softness circling your cerebrum. A trap and a snare. Spider talk. Lottsa cute shit for Rev. Through the graveyard. Engraved on every stone.....

Cecil Was Here cecil was here

Cecil Was Here Cecil Was hErE

Jujiling fluctuating piano fortissimo Trills, frills and fancy clothes fit to lay on some muthuhfakinguche. Thump a splang a bump bass plucks. Saw near bridge when army passes overhead.

Cautious drum.

Congo caravan leads you into the heart of Dr. Sawmore's Unit Structure As Of A Now/Section.

"What time's it Cec?" "Cec: YOU GOT IT."

As you can clearly see Professor Goodspill it's anybody's time. Like Greased poetry Cecil's tune he never got together but in not doing he did. Got it mantan.....Musses of holy screams Honks. Walking the bars. Knocking over the beggar's drinks. Kicking the broken glass in their faces. Seeing the blood run.

whores are bleeding. "Oh well. Tis a shame muthuhfuchuh." "Hey dad." "Yes son....." "They're bleeding." "The dirty Living Sound Theatre for all the family.

"Hurry fo' they eat yo' grits & caviar." Nervous. east india tea company. Down & pick - up

Laying on a sprinkling of cues, dashing on the dessert before the main course.

Spilling wine on the waiter. Cutting the owner's throat. All this is fun friends. Silence.

Tales-- 8 Whisps. Fragmented holiness that indicates an unwillingness. Turning each whip inside out. Carrying them to the Nth musical degree. Willy Nilly. Silly putty. Nutty Soil. Oil Phisteristed.

"What goes on in your menenges?"

When you've listened once you can tell a repititious phrase. Dig it. If you can't you haven't been listening.

"Ya hear, Boy. Ya, Boy I'm tawkin' ta ya muthuh."

"Want me ta say sumfin nice & clean fo' Cec huh. Well fuch yuh muthuh. How's dat Father Simpson?"

Cecil eats Jewish rye polish salami & planti hot fuckin' tomalis. Burn you. He's also greasy screw & he'll pound you. Every turn of the way to torture is pop art is life culture.

Volumn high up to filter out harmful bacteria. Unsoulful--Errol Garner -- Bud Powell Bachadock--

is Monks here.

Carry on Cec. Time is Time is not. Cecil C D.C.

Wash. clothes nude.

Sid Karp

Dave Hoffman of Photos made these pictures at the free Airplane concert in Grant Park. See Tuesday at age 16.



STEALING THE ENVIRONMENT:

The state governments of Illinois and Indiana seem to be into letting the Interior Department supervise the pollution abatement program of Republic Steel, our area's largest private water polluter. The shift would allow Republic to keep on dumping until yet another survey was completed.

Meanwhile, clams are going to be used to test DDT levels in five midwestern states.

Some things DDT can do:
Kill off vital links in the chain of life --
from plankton to people.
Upset the calcium balance --
the eagle's scrambled eggs.

Affect the sex hormones

Affect hormones regulating metabolism

DDT evaporates with water and rises into the atmosphere.

It affects the liver and interferes with certain antibiotics.

It does not kill most of the insects against which it was originally introduced.

It is the major synthetic pollutant in the environment.

DOPE NEWS - DOPE NEWS - DOPE NEWS

Timothy Leary Isn't Dead:

The Supreme Court threw out Tim Leary's 1966 conviction for transporting marijuana illegally into the United States. The court ruled that the law requiring payment of a \$1000 tax was self-incriminating, since payment would have resulted in prosecution by the State of Texas.

Leary also announced his plan to run for governor of California in 1970. He couldn't do worse than Ronnie.

Drug Bust Spark= Militance

LNS - The State University of New York at Stony Brook, scene of a major bust several years ago, was busted again May 13th. This time the students were ready. At 1 am, 16 people were busted in their rooms. Immediately 400 students massed on the quadrangle to prevent the cops from making off with their victims. They spread out across the campus, breaking windows, overturning and burning police cars, and hurling rocks at cops.

DOPE

More Border News:

Mark Rudd of Columbia strike fame was busted at Niagara Falls, New York for possession of two ounces of tea. The charge, a felony, smacks of either carelessness or yet another installment in the government's attempt to "bust the leaders."

Exploited Freak of the Month:

...is Robert Singer, a sophomore at the University of Illinois' Urbana, who was responsible for the mid-May arrests of nine persons, including his girlfriend, on charges of possessing grass and acid. Singer said that he hooked up with the state narcs because he thought that "dope pushers were huge, criminal types out to capitalize on other people's weaknesses." He adds that "I don't feel that way now."

This incident parallels another U of I episode in which the FBI enticed a student into "spying" on SDS. ...in both cases, the dupe became turned on by his brothers.

Mexicans Cutting Off Grass

EXTRA - Mexico is stepping up its attempts to stop the spread of herb with operation Sky-Spy. Planes will fly over the country-side looking for fields, which the army will then burn. If successful, the plan will raise grass prices in the states. Mexico has also announced a crackdown on American "hippies"...

Gandolf's Cut Loose:

The last two of the dope preverts arrested when the police raided the west-side head-and-coffee shop were cut loose on May 9th in narco court. Gandolf's was raided on February 17th, possibly because dark-skinned freaks were beginning to visit whiter-than-white Austin, possibly because the districts captain's father is Gandolf's landlord.

Drymouth Can Be Good

Dr. Louis Diaz De Souza, some kind of bumper chemist, has devised a simple test that, by analyzing your saliva, can determine if you've been smoking pot. This test will soon be used in some high schools and will probably spread nationwide in a fashion similar to the "breathalyzer" tests used to check for drunkenness.

Narks Visit The Playground

Narks, evil steaming narks, smelling of dogshit and brimstone, have put in appearances at the Kinetic Playground twice within the last several weeks. One of their visits resulted in the arrest of an alleged dealer and the assistant manager of the Playground.

END OF DOPE NEWS

End Of End Of End Of

BRITISH WORKERS SUPPORT HAIR

Extra - Workers went on strike at the York Trailer Company in England when Graham Wadsworth, a 20-year old welder, was suspended until he got a hair cut. Wadsworth was eventually shifted to another plant, where he was not in view of the customers, and allowed to keep his hair.

Latest News on Donovans Traffic Tickets...

Well, rack two up to the pigs. Of the three traffic tickets arch Seed-Seller Donovan has received in the last month, two have been paid. As to the ticket he received for obstructing traffic in front of the old Seed office, not a penny will be forthcoming. See you in court, Officer Sullarek.

CONNECTIONS:

LNS - An organization called SCREW has prepared an international address list with radical publications, political research groups, and anti-establishment cultural institutions. A copy of the list may be obtained by writing to SCREW (Support Communications for a Revolutionary Europe and World) at 46 Park Crescent, Brighton, Sussex, England. If you can, send a dollar.

cont. on page 23



APPEARING AT BARNABY'S--JUNE 10-15

REVOLUTIONARY QUOTATIONS FROM
THE THOUGHTS OF UNCLE SAM,
Johnny Appleseed Patriotic Publications, PO 50393, Cicero 60650 \$1

The major value of this book is not that everyone represented in it was, or is, a fire-breathing revolutionary, but that it provides an American background for radicals who occasionally feel completely alienated from the mainstream of this country. Mao may be correct in certain cases, but there are differences between the Long March and the March on Springfield that even the most stirring lines of modern Chinese thought cannot bridge. The sayings in this short book may help you feel that you're not trying to organize on Venus. And that's sure worth a dollar or enough of your time to liberate it.

“MUSIC IS THE MESSAGE”

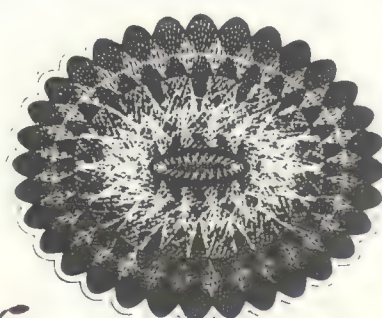
Lots of nice things: the audience, as quite as the best of Fridayladycrowds, better by far than the worst, after the initial murmur died down; Jacqueline Peatry, a 16-year old black pianist, adding a note of color to the group on stage, doing an impressive job on the unimpressive Liszt Hungarian Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra; the orchestra itself, which, face it, is one of the good things about Chicago; conductor Irwin Hoffman, who plunged about satisfyingly, and only had to give his audience the fisheye once; and, best of all, "Echoes of Time and the River," a Pulitzer Prize-winning work by contemporary American composer George Crumb. Scored for a fairly standard assortment of instruments plus whistling cellists, whispering trumpeters, human knuckles on piano innards, and 39¢ Japanese wind chimes, the thing is an aural trip, and an interesting view of People making sounds revealing to those who see music as a chunk of stuff that comes from transistorized boxes and grates in elevator ceilings. A totally unprejudiced audience gave it the rapt attention it deserves, instead of dissolving in giggles as more "sophisticated" groups might when faced with a work that defies their pigeonholes.

The only thing missing was a round of applause from the orchestra for the kids. If more of these concerts take place next season, as currently planned, perhaps the musicians, who are beautiful in vocation if not necessarily in nature, will unbend and let the new love flow both ways.

American Revolution 2

The radicalization process, the rediscovery of America's real face, the transition from black rage to the rage of all the impoverished classes. Filmmaker Howard Alk and The Film Group take the viewers of this important film on a journey which begins across the street from the Conrad Hilton during the Democratic National Convention last August. to a glimpse at the efforts of Appalachian Whites to unify in defense against the madness of those who control America's wealth. "In Lincoln Park a bunch of Honkies got their heads beat and everybody gets all excited. Shit, they've been doing that to black people for years and nobodys said nothin'," exclaims the Panther sister. She concludes as does Panther Field Secretary Bob Lee, that the answer to this country's transgressions is revolution of a violent and complete nature. Further, that this revolution must, of necessity, be not merely one of black liberation but one of the oppressed class against the controlling class. The bourgeois movie-goer will probably walk away from this one spouting out Marx at the mouth and admitting to the possibility of a someday revolution; overlooking, however, the words of the man who said, "when people begin to talk about the imminence of revolution, they are probably standing in the middle of it."

like "working in a night club" one of them says. But right after that another clerk mentions that a few of the customers can afford the clothes that they buy and most of them are in debt. "It's like America" this clerk says, "everybody is in hock, but they all want to look fine." The last interview is with the freakiest of the white clerks, who says that the middle-man should be eliminated and clothes should be hand-made and exchanged and we should all live in communes, etc. But he remains there, his cop-out more worked out than those preceding him, but nevertheless a cop-out. You can have all the answers but until you take the questions seriously you have nothing. A fine flick and a poor festival.



THE MOVEMENT
It's become far more
staff and they began
that at times become
None of these
twisted out of your
and other primary m
forgive it's occasional
happening on the Le

Seven Days In May

SUNDAY: WORKSHOPS IN THE INTELLECTUAL GHETTO or UNDERSTANDING

Scenarios are model situations, reference frames for encapsulating reality. They let you look at things in different ways you can compensate for blind spots in your thinking. The Pentagon uses scenarios to plan the destruction of Vietnam. We should be more creative.

Michael Klonsky is meeting with the press on "Face the Nation." Five minutes into the show and I'm not sure which scenario is real and which are maya. One second it looks and sounds like a dress rehearsal for a new play, tentatively titled "Robert's Rules of Order." Dissolve, reform on a map in the war room, with one of the three media commanders using a pointer to outline the strategy of SDS atrocities. Gloop to a meeting of the Whoppers' Club--"didn't you, in your capacity as National Secretary..." In the time it takes to bite into a bacon and cream cheese on bagel (the all-American sandwich), the liars fade into farmer Michael cataloging the types of racist pigs.

When I was younger, disillusioned veterans of the Young People's Socialist League and other exciting organizations used to put me on their knees and say, "Son, the American left can never get its

shit together." The ghost has come out of the attic. Reading the underground press is like taking a body count. Headlines scan like the card at the Amphitheater:

- Abbie Hoffman vs SDS--two out of three falls
- Katherine Cleaver vs Julius Lester over the role of SDS in the black liberation struggle and the vanguard position of the Panthers--special mixed event
- Moderates vs Progressive Labor--for the Movement organizational championship
- Politics vs Culture-- returns by popular demand

There is so much abstract bullshit around that it's not safe to go out without a life preserver. The Movement is like Flash Gordon movies, where eighty-seven different nationalities live in the same neighborhood without being able to understand each other.

And, given this factionalism, Klonsky makes the mistake of leaving the neighborhood without going to the radical Berlitz. He sits there reciting the radical trinity--racism, imperialism, and ex-

ploitation--as if he'd been absent when they handed out the synonym book. He doesn't stop. "Racism imperialism, exploitation. Racism, imperialism, exploitation. Hold that line! Hold that line! Om mmm. Ommmmmm."


It's like watching a bizaro version of *Stranger in a Strange Land*. Klonsky is vulgar (in the dictionary sense of the word) on a medium that stresses cool. He spits in the network's eye and pisses on the press gang's credentials. He rapes America's mythology with regard to non-violence. He breaks taboo after taboo without trying to goof. Rubin and Hoffman, the Muck and Meyer of the Movement, would have eaten the panel while reading aloud from the Collected works of Chairman McLuhan; Klonsky makes the fatal error of taking them seriously. He accepts their myth of "meaningful dialog" without being able to bring off the gargantuan job of desanctifying two hundred years of shuck and an entire medium of communication.

Rhetoric can lead to precision. Some of the rhetoric in house organs like *The Movement* may enhance analytic presentations. But movement rhetoric is a foreign language on channel two. In Chicago. "Face the Nation" goes against wrestling, a movie, something called "Showplace of Homes," the morning hangover, and--irony of ironies--"For Blacks Only" (which, to complicate things even further, is really for whites). "Face the Nation" stops to chat at households where the *Times* or *Evergreen Review* is far more common than *True Confessions* or *Saga*. The lunchpail set doesn't relate to talk shows that have anyone fancier than Kup for their hosts.

Klonsky proves himself a poor guerilla who has failed to learn the way of the land. But the wildest statement is yet to come. Suddenly Klonsky is yelling about a monster sweep to take place within ten days. He cites the Palmer Raids as his historical precedent. He says that the Attorney General Mitchell is out to cripple student revolt before it can take its step into America. It sounds crazy.

Needless to say, the news of Klonsky's arrest is a mindblower.

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MONDAY:...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

Have you ever been to Electric Dante-land? 2628 N. Halsted 14th day. The perversion is a labor of love. People chained to the light table scream at the breathers of noxious dark room fumes. Typists churn keys endlessly, monkeys revising an infinite amount of copy. It's the night before Printer, and not a Seedling is sleeping all through the bar.

Dante knew. Dante lost his Beatrice and had to split from his home town because his movement came in second. When his old lady died, Dante flipped out. He had come too close to the wire. He felt the weight. He used to roll around the double bed beating his chest and wailing "I can't get no relief." He took a bite into some bread and moaned "Mama Mia, what a bummer. Life, she makes no sense."

Dante knew. He knew that a body can't go through life without making sense of it. He knew that to survive means to order, whether consciously or without surface thought. He picked up his IBM Quill (Executive Model) and built a universe so complete that it has captivated millions. Dante put it all together.

Five centuries later and everything is falling apart. Dante (who?) is a rigid religious fanatic. Who needs structure? We are the people who own the streets, who will free America. Thou art God. I am you... "They" don't know anything.

Who needs structure? Better that people should bare their fangs in the name of the collective good. On the night before Printer, on the night when we were putting the final touches on our anniversary breather graphics issue, the following karmic events occur:

the toilet backs up while someone is sitting on it.
no copy is proofread
no inks are mixed
only half the negatives are stripped into place
an article is lost
the light table shatters under the strain
two people leave.

The flow lines of responsibility resemble the winning picture at the national methedrine convention. We have all the beauty of liberation and all the burdens of anarchy. We are the people we warned ourselves against. We are crucified by our cherished freedom, but the sweet taste is addicting.

ECOTRIP

The other night, some friends came home from out of town; as is our custom, we all went to their house for a session of talk-and. Usually we scatter to different rooms or different activities in the same room, but this time we seemed drawn together physically, almost to the point of huddling. We discovered that three people can touch heads, but four can't...among other things. Also that it is much easier to share water if everyone sits on a corner of the bathtub and you spray each other's feet. How often do people wash each other's feet? Proper to do for welcome-home. Also that people, like plants, respond to unspoken love. And that it is right to be heavy for a season, but afterward comes divine foolishness. Truly heavy people have no need of profundities such as the ones I excrete. But I'm still into Heavy, most of the time, that is. Occasionally I grasp the amazing fact that

Into the valley of madness comes the bust report. The SDS office is overamping with shock and outrage. The emotion coursing through the line register 8.5 on the Richter scale. The information comes in dots and dashes. We run a partially correct story.

We drive to the bond court at Monroe and Racine. None of it makes any sense. We suddenly realize that, even though we reject the pooperos who run the country, we still have some kind of atavistic feeling that they know what they are doing. America's crime in Asia is that she kills too well. America's victimization of her poor is that the rest of the country has done so well at their expense. America's leaders are terrible because they are so firmly convinced of their rectitude and their infallibility.

Five people taken from their office in a scenario written by Max Sennett--in conjunction with Franz Kafka. Twelve hours after TV-time the Chicago PD proved that its greatest crime is its sheer inability to think creatively. The same mentality that grunts "Kill" and creates rewards for cruelty is one that invents a shooting and a fire as pretexts for invasion. Campus disorders. "Ugh. Hit." Ghetto riots. "Shoot to kill." Starving people. "Ugh. Lazy." Ancient kings used to slay messengers who bore bad tidings. The system is Dr. Doom, out to crush the symptoms without tending to the disease.

The bullies are in the courtroom, bundling and packaging the criminals before putting them on the ransom rack. A Les Coleman is worth more money than a Dave Slavin, but an Ed Jennings with an old mob action warrant--hoo-hah, more than the rest put together, more than a National Secretary named Klonsky and a no-goodnik named McCarthy combined.

"Psst. I can give you the whole kit-and-kaboodle for \$1250. Cash."

I don't mean to insinuate that justice is not done. Magistrate Joseph C. Mooney listens to the defense attorney before accusing SDS of having "nefarious sources of income." Joseph C. Mooney is a fair judge--during the hearing he dips the ring finger of his left hand an equal number of times in each nostril. Prosecuting Attorney ~~Dave~~ a fair prosecutor--in his eyes all in favor of charge are equally guilty. The only people who ~~may~~ have been

there is nothing to say. All a human being can do is wash someone else's feet, talk to flowers, and listen to koto music. No ideals. No blame.

Amazing emptiness: clear, clouded by the word "clear" (poor Hayakawa, dealing in words--but Josephine says he used to be a great dancer) anyway empty. Look at the fish tank and the new diver we put in the bottom (think of the dimestore day we bought it, together with the quarrel we were having at the time, all gone now and leaving only a diver-shaped residue, which would serve as well as a St. Christopher--and has anyone put St. Christopher in the bottom of the fish tank?) the lights flic-flic-flic on the wall, the new big snail in the other tank (name of Bach, to watch him wave his horns to Switched-On) the mobile from Thailand of many little fish and one big mama fish for fertility. And in the kitchen gorging on cheese and crackers and desert blossom honey (delicate, doesn't sting your throat like clover) and tea in mugs of all sorts. But the best was the foot washing. Like the time we all started to Aum (delicate, doesn't sting your throat like prayers) all quite spontaneously.

Oh it was nice to see them again.

+++++

the slightest bit biased are the political ~~units~~ who charged Coleman with two counts of "obstruction." And even this may have been nothing more than recognition of Coleman's seeming omnipresence at demonstrations, rallies and other actions.

Go directly to Thursday. The speaker is Terry Cannon, one of the Oakland Seven who organized Stop the Draft Week in 1967 and beat a subsequent conspiracy rap. The place is the Illinois Institute of Technology.

On the legal system as a high-turnover treadmill designed to protect the bullies who run the country:

"First they try to convince you to be quiet. Then they appeal to your good feeling. Then they appeal to your reason. Then they say, 'give me your lunch money or I'll beat the shit out of you'."

On the class nature of crime:

"Nobody beats store managers for overcharging or the President for killing people in Vietnam."

On the letter of the law (and the exorcism of the spirit):

"When the government becomes so isolated from the people that it can only say 'you must follow the law,' then revolution becomes inevitable."

And now back to Monday.

Lenny Bruce said that at the Hall of Justice the only justice is in the halls. The people (or at least our people) are in the halls. Most of them are students. The green isn't ivy, but it is long, long enough to free the five. They begin to walk out of the courtroom, fists in the air, thinking of eating something other than baloney or saltpeter soup, when Mooney gives them a parting reminder of justice American style. He calls everyone back. He has forgotten to set a trial date.

The picture underneath is of a garage at 25th & State. It is like the one at Elizabeth & Madison, a block from the courthouse. Note that the cars are rotting. A picture of Judge Mooney is not available at this time.

Another gathering, this one a week earlier in time, different space, different people, different chemistry working. Still equaled (I hope and believe) love. Activist versus quietist, with quietist winning by sheer force of nonsense. How can she argue with me when I turn around and agree with her all the time? I admit (belatedly, perhaps, but joyfully) that all is one, all is nothing, and her activism is as valid as my quietism. Okay, if we have to go through twenty years of table-turning, that's okay too. Now if I could remember that all the time, I wouldn't need shrinking. How thin the line between uptight and outasight...

Admittedly this is all obscure. Purposely so, for as a long-ago analyzer of poetry told me, how will anyone ever feel the urge to dig for the meaning if it's all lying there on top? Do the dance of the Seven Veils with me, and when you see my skin, remember, it's only a covering for my bones.

Can You Dig It?

Pause. Ring on my doorbell. Someone worried at my door. The I Ching says to Kool It. Bad Timing (no, that is not misspelled) leads to Waiting on what one cannot change. Reality, said the doctor, is merely coming to terms. Terms, said the other doctor, is merely coming to reality. Life, say I, is merely coming to life.

Kool It.

Val Walker



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TUESDAY: REFLECTIONS ON ARTIFICIAL ARGUMENTS

On page six of this issue there is an ad for sweatshirts with STRIKE emblazoned across the back. Somewhere in the pages of Life is an ad for an insurgent movement called the Dodge REBEL-LION. Today, Radio 10 will play at least one record with the word REVOLUTION in it. This phenomenon is called co-optation, the stealing of someone else's thunder.

Mammon has eaten the cultural revolution. The spark theory has not held. Frank Zappa hasn't ended the war. Tim Leary isn't President. Grace Slick fails to win a decent wage for the grape strikers. The mayor of Chicago is a digger who gives away free food and sponsors rock concerts.

Yet some go too far and confuse cultural revolution with culture per se. These are the people who look at a flower and question its "relevancy." They are as one-dimensional as the spacy folk they condemn as "counter-revolutionary."

"An army without culture is a dull-witted army."
Mao

In and of itself, cultural nationalism is apolitical...At the same time, however, cultural nationalism represents the first stirrings of self-recognition, and it has been the beginning of political involvement for thousands."--Julius Lester.

I have a friend named FRED. He (it?) is a news service based in this city. FRED has put down the 30,000 people who stayed in the park and listened to the Jefferson Airplane while 3,000 people marched to call for the indictment of the cop who killed young Manuel Ramos. FRED agrees with the observations of "a certain European historian... (who)...once observed that an individual's relationship to the means of production is the basic factor in determining that individual's attitudes and values." Translated, FRED decries "culture freaks" for being middle class.

Manuel Ramos was poor. Manuel Ramos knew he was being fucked over every time he was denied a job because he had gone to a cruddy school or didn't speak with wondrous diction. He knew where it was at each time he heard the word "spic" whispered behind his back. Manuel Ramos was en-

lightened enough to rise above the paranoia of the "making it" hustle and work for a different kind of society. Manuel Ramos was dedicated enough to die for that reality.

Like it or not, most Americans do not recognize the "objective conditions" that Manuel Ramos perceived wherever he went. Most Americans would rather beat up on the poor minority than reshape the system that gives them gee-gaws galore. Those radicals who stress economics should spend their time showing why it is in the best interests of the mass of Americans to go after the fatcats and conglomerates rather than the poor.

This country is so wealthy that many Americans have already gone through their bread changes. A large number of them, primarily young and primarily white, have smelled a rat in the pie that the poor are opting for. They have cast aside money, power, and ideology in favor of the revolution of self. Security is a given for these people. They stress the libertarian rather than the egalitarian; quality rather than quantity; life style, participation, and consciousness instead of racism, imperialism, and exploitation. They are fighting the post-industrial revolution.

Thirty thousand people did not choose music over political action. Most of the people couldn't see the Airplane, and the shape of the stage and the speaker system combined to yield music with the fidelity of a \$4 radio. The Grant Park thing (like the march) was a gathering, a collective experience in which the audience became the performers. The guy who climbed the flagpole had more of an audience than Marty Balin. The cat who made his shirt into a turban and did a two-hour STP dance from the light tower was the most visible event of the day. Vortices of dancers whirled through a sea of people who ebbed and flowed against the stage. Black sailors stepped out for technicolor power with blonde chicks from Latvia. The younger brothers of the guys in Local 245 Lithographers & Typesetters (who had cursed out SDS for upstaging their picket line as it went round and round across from the Monroe Street bond court) spoke about the war with people who see Vietnam as systemic rather than a one-shot mistake. At least as many barriers dropped as after an all-summer work-in.

The difference was that the march sought to influence others directly while the Be-In sought to

become its ideal.

The people who marched did so to protest a regime that kills culture as well as people. Puerto Ricans and blacks have definite cultures rooted in barrios and ghettos and islands and dark continents. Like the people in the park, they reject the sterility of the dominant culture.

The Jefferson Airplane sells 1000 albums for every Red Book vended in America. Ten thousand people know a Beatles song for every person who can reel off a poem by Edgar Guest. Head Comix outcirculates "Wildcat" by an amazing factor. Something is happening that Mr. Jones can't explain away by quoting the Old Professor. A political explanation can be given for "the first public gathering of a 'free' nature to be approved by Mayor Daley since the Democratic Convention riots in Chicago." (Betcha didn't know Daley was the one behind all that street fighting) The group's \$6000 "present" can be tied to the release of a new single. The Airplane's plug for acid and their pressuring RCA into resuming advertising in the underground press doesn't change the real power behind the amplifiers. But nobody can predict the effect of new technology on people's ways of relating to each other and to the institutions of the society in which they live.

Politics and culture is a snake swallowing its tail. To argue one vs the other is bullshit. Consciousness must be expanded as well as raised to build new men and women. It is silly to decry "post-revolutionary lifestyles" in post-graduate terms. Rebellions do not become revolutions until the mass of people either support or offer no resistance.

The people in the park constituted a constituency with definite interests and preferences. And where they are at is not just anyplace, but very far outside the current structure. If people power means going to the people, then that constituency should be worked with rather than told to get in line. America as a whole may need more Karl, but the Movement could use some Groucho. Who was it that said white radicals should do the bulk of their work in white communities?

Maybe the city is smarter than the firstmakers. The trains going north didn't stop at Chicago Ave.



A Tragedy
in
13 frames

WEDNESDAY: ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Life with an underground paper means that you spend all your time in the underground. Every one works seventy hours a week, but everyone will say "no" if you ask whether they have a job. Underground rags merge with an accompanying life-style. Doing a paper is like living a Velvet underground whip fantasy. It never lets go. It strings you out until you become a print junkie and hooks you on community and at the same time prevents you from enjoying the everyday joys of your neighborhood.

And as your life and work merge, you become close with people into the same full-time craziness. The people who work with you, the people you meet at the rallies and in the shithouse and at parties and funerals. You get to know how they act in situations. You become familiar with their rap. You begin to shift your focus from what they say or do to the dynamic between speaker and audience, between actor and acted upon.

On this Wednesday the road show is at the Illinois Institute of Technology. Bob Lee, Cha-Cha Jiminez, Tarif Khalidi, Rennie Davis and Terry Cannon are playing capacious Grover Hermann Hall as the high point of something called International Revolution Day.

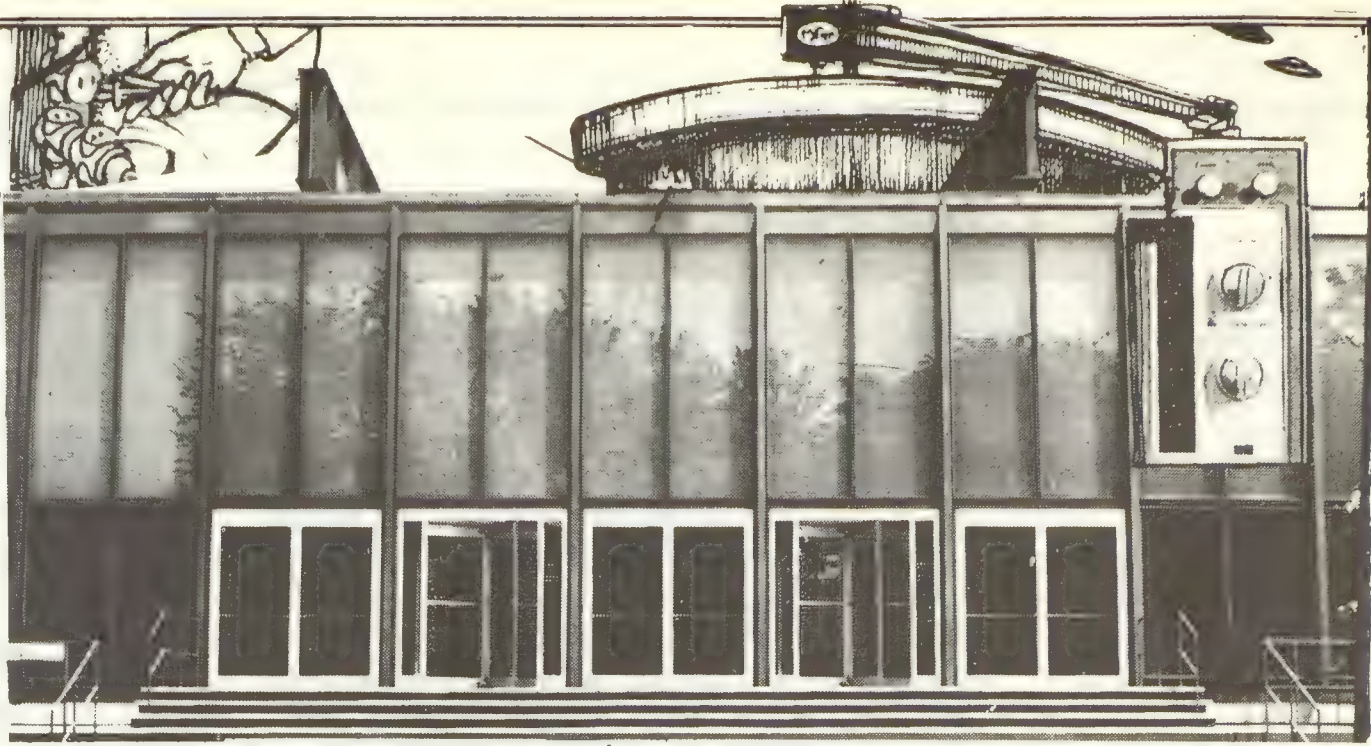
IIT looks like a series of hi-fi components dropped into the middle of a ghetto. It's 2000 students are on the first track of the technostucture limited. It's March defense contracts are for things that most of us can't even pronounce.

"Don't let this situation intellectually fuck you."

"We are at a time when it is better to be dead than to refuse to be a revolutionary."

"People sleep in tents in the desert while foreigners sleep in their houses."

Panther Bob Lee and Young Lord Cha-Cha Jiminez draw applause from the audience peppering the room like shells on a beach. Khalidi, chairman of the area Organization of Arab Students, is booed by Israeli exchange students and wins applause from his own cadre. People begin to leave.



There is enough diversity on the Movement's rubber-chicken circuit to allow some guys to shine when other's can't make a dent. Rennie is golden today. He looks like he goes to IIT. He says "us" instead of "youze." He scores logic and decorum points for saying "in my opinion." He is a visiting specialist (PhD in Vietnam, working on a Master's in Conspiracy) at a college of specialization.

The others play supporting roles, intellectual curiosities to students who wear blinders when they walk on State Street. They do what they can and some students (other than the obviously sympathetic blacks sitting close to the stage) seem to be moved, but they can only overcome so much conditioning in twenty minutes. Their scene is action, not manning the lecturne.

But Rennie is right in there, talking about the cluster bombs that rain shrapnel on civilians and electron devices that fuse everything together. He The scientists are impressed. He talks about the Allied terrorist campaigns, and you can see people nod when he mentions Operations by name. More people are agreeing by the time he begins to relate Asian policy to things at home.

That night my President looks out from the other side of the glass and says more of the same. "The Lord is my Shepherd. As he says, 'not a civil war blah blah blah' some kid from Topeka takes a slug in the chest from an AK-47. I shall not want. And he warns the north to leave Cambodia alone without saying any blah blah about 'advisors' in Thailand a fighter crashes in flames. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. As he proves that he is the man who will make the dominoes fall, some 4'8" eighteen-year-old with a five letter name that has no vowels learns that he will never be nineteen. He maketh me to lie down in muddy waters."

Davis, who had said that Nixon would not mention anything about new weaponry and offensive programs, becomes Nostradamus. Lee, who had told everyone to listen for the "oinken" is Edgar Cayce incarnate. No wonder the moderator at IIT, in his won act of foresight, had seen fit to say, "the men who appear before you are not kooks and extremists but the wave of the future."



Recorded by Larry Sultan

THURSDAY: THE BLOCK PARTY

Every neighborhood should have its own revolution. Nothing builds solidarity like the insurgency just down the block. It is horrible when someone is hurt or killed, but it is a joy when things get better because the people on the street made them that way. There is the Promethean feeling of being able to chart your fate in concert with brothers and sisters.

The Young Lords are another group that has given up sleep for the duration. Leaving IIT while Terry Cannon was still on the stage seemed to be a precaution against what Abbie Hoffman calls Tasmanian Pig Fever (which catches you if you're not careful). Actually it was because the building named for Nixon supporter W. Clement Stone was being rechristened by the Poor People's Coalition.

Form. Request for student power. Pleas for amnesty. Intramural disputes. The Poor People shatter the model, walk in off the streets, grab the Wasp by the stinger, and say "Dig it! Let's have what's ours." Spanish language radio and delta slang bounce off the windows of a locked bookstore, featuring Soul On Ice. Fifteen year-old security guards groove behind frisking EVERYONE who comes into the building. Kids go through files not because their analysis indicates that these are documents of the ruling class, but because sitting in an office with an IBM electric is a novel experience for the people from Wicker Park and Cabrini-Green. Beans and lard replace steak and butter on the Presidential hotplate. Seedling Lester's bedsheet waved in the breeze, telling everyone on the other side of that ridiculous fence that Manuel Ramos Memorial Hall is in good hands.

The neighbors are teaching "Relevance 10."

Cont. from p. 5

tential use and development of properties in the neighborhood. They would ask that their investment committee give first priority to such neighborhood development, recognizing that substantial amounts of unrestricted funds have already been invested or they would explore with other organizations the extent of the need of such a center and the possibilities of providing such a center on a fee basis. To the demand for rental to poor and working families, the seminary responded no. To the demand that the fence be torn down, McCormick answered no. To the demand for a Puerto Rican cultural center, McCormick replied no, but offered to help get the money from other sources. To the demands for funds for YLO, LADO and a Legal Defense unit, McCormick responded that no grants of any kind could be given for any purpose other than educating persons for the ministry of the church. In addition, McCormick indicated that they didn't have the money anyway. In response to the demand for support for LADO in its struggle with the welfare system, McCormick indicated that the request should be sent to the Presbytery of Chicago and not to them. In response to the request for a condemnation of political persecution, the seminary replied that such a statement would not be appropriate.

In a meeting held on Weds. afternoon, May 14, representatives of the PPC made it clear that they considered this response totally inadequate. They had demanded to meet with the executive committee of the board of directors upon being informed of these responses and had been told that it was "impossible" to arrange such a meeting without two weeks' notice. Representatives of the PPC told McCormick people present at the meeting that they were going to be forced to resort to "community education." They did not explain the term. At midnight that night, the Stone building was seized. The 80 or so community people efficiently sealed all entrances to the building and controlled all entrance and exit of persons. Their first act after securing the building was to rename it the Manuel Ramos Memorial Building in honor of a Young Lord Murdered the week before by a Chicago pig. The administration was informed of the seizure and the PPC waited for a response.

The response was not long in coming. The meeting with the Board of Directors Executive Committee which was "impossible to set up without two weeks' notice" was scheduled for Thurs. afternoon, May 15. A press conference was called by the PPC for 10AM on Thurs., and 24-hour security was set up in the building. It is difficult to overstate the significance of this action. It is probably the first time in recent years in the US when community residents, poor and working people, have seized and held a physical facility of a major community institution like McCormick for the purpose of gaining the fulfillment of a list of political and economic demands. In addition, the groups who have seized the building were Latin, black and white. They were by-and-large political radicals questioning the legitimacy of the institution and its power rather than simply trying to force a few concessions. There is talk of revolution and of "serving the people." Little red books are in evidence and the clenched fist is the accepted greeting. There were problems. Not all of the people in the building were politically experienced. Not all agreed on what they were about. There was the expected distrust that black, Latin and white street people have towards each other and towards the white students and organizers.

At the Thursday morning press conference, the occupation was announced, the demands were stated to the press, and the intention of the group to remain until at least 5pm on Friday was stated. In the afternoon, a PPC negotiating team met with the Board of Directors Executive Committee. A drastic change in attitude on the part of the directors was noted by the committee. The Execs decided that they could offer the PPC a veto over the use of that portion of the \$601,000 not already committed. (It is not clear if that figure is \$111,000 or \$336,000). The Execs also decided that while they could not consent to McCormick itself being used as a day-care center, they would set up a committee under the control of the Board of Directors which would be responsible for

raising the funds to establish a day-care center. The center would be under the control of the community mothers who used it. While they would not ask any faculty or staff currently using seminary housing to leave, the Execs promised to provide it for use by poor people as it became available. The Execs still refused to take down the fence. They still maintained that they simply were unable to come up with any funds for the YLO, LADO or Legal Defense, and continued to state that "no grants can be made for the purposes required." Also, they continued to contend that they have no space of money for a Puerto Rican cultural center, but they agreed to the need for it and will try to get help in establishing such a center from other community institutions. They seemed to have decided that perhaps LADO's struggle with the welfare department was indeed a legitimate concern and would, after investigation of the PPC charges, attempt to act on that concern. They also decided that perhaps the seminary could go on record as opposing the illegal harassment and brutality of any citizen, with special emphasis on the poor and oppressed.

People inside the building were taught two things by the board's changed attitude. First, they found that the seizure of the building had given them some amount of power, and that it was power and not moral suasion that moved the board of directors. Secondly, they learned that the board had lied to them about what had been possible. This second lesson was made doubly clear by certain records that the PPC found inside the building. They found that McCormick had some \$10 million invested in stocks and bonds of every description. That they had shares in banks that had major investments in South Africa, in companies that produced war munitions, in loan companies that specialized in milking the poor, and even owned a couple of tenant farms. In addition, they learned that the school was able to provide grants of up to \$900 per child per year so that children of the professors could attend private schools and not have to go to school with the children of the community. Lastly, they learned that many of the school's directors were men who directed banks and corporations which daily exploited poor and working people. The lessons sunk in, and at a meeting held minutes before the Friday deadline, the community people voted overwhelmingly not to leave until all demands were met. On Saturday morning, McCormick Seminary indicated that they would seek a court injunction on Monday morning in order to bring the force of the pig power structure to bear on the PPC to force them out of the building.

A meeting was held inside the building Saturday night. After a discussion about the injunction, there developed a movement among the people to respond by seizing the adjacent library building. After further discussion and security reports of pigs in the area, it was decided not to take that action at that time. When word of the response and of the possible consequences of forcing the injunction got to the McCormick Administration, there was another change of heart.

The Sunday papers announced that an injunction would not be sought and that most of the demands would be met. On Sunday night the community was called to the auditorium in Ramos Hall, where Coalition speakers stated that the bulk of the demands had been met.

Hundreds of jubilant people left the Hall, taking feelings of power and satisfaction out of the building as they left. They also recognized the wisdom in Cha Cha Jimenez' words, "It took poor people to educate the middle class people."

McCormick has agreed to spend \$350,000 on low and middle-income housing during the next year. An additional \$250,000 will be forthcoming next year, and it is the Coalition's understanding that this money will also go for housing. \$75,000 will go to the Coalition for disbursement — \$25,000 for a Puerto Rican cultural center, \$25,000 for legal defense, and \$25,000 for a Community Welfare Rights Workshop. A Day Care center will be created.

The Coalition has announced that it is forming five committees to meet with McCormick officials and work out final plans. Meanwhile, members of the PPC have been approached by students at DePaul seeking ways to make that institution responsible to the community.



Photo: Joan McDermond

FRIDAY:.... TODAY, OH BOY.

On and on and on, everyone is on the wheel and the wheel is one of fire and I'm tired of jumping through the flaming hoop.

In this week's Village Voice Jack Newfield writes:

At the center of this cultural insurgency, I think, is the perception that adult society is literally absurd, that America is threatening to become a giant lunatic asylum.

He gives the Orwellian example that "thousands of Americans died in Vietnam while their government debated the shape of 'a table in Paris.'" Orwell is passe, 1984 was seventeen years ago, HAL is my master, I shall not want.

The Chicago Daily News on this May 16th had stories about:

- the stabbing of an ex-President's son
- alleged malfesance by two Supreme Court Justices and the Secretary of the Treasury
- the crewman of a captured spy ship telling jokes about "yellow slant-eyed bastards"
- graft in the advisory board of the Illinois Toll Commission
- the coming teachers' strike
- a Malay-Chinese civil war
- a riot in response to Rockefeller's visit to Nicaragua
- the loss of 46 US helicopters in a week
- the shooting of 50 people in Berkeley by "peace" officers and
- the shooting of eleven people in Twinsburg, Ohio by a beserk factory worker
- the impending resignation of the Postmaster General, who cannot master the bureaucracy
- "Three GIs from the area killed in Vietnam"--a weekly feature
- "They really sock it to her" with socks"--a half page article
- "The comics"--unnecessary

I was born in 1945. The house that my parents brought me home to contained a phone and several radios. The bomb went off when I was six months old and we got a TV when I was three. I had flown 20,000 miles before I was fifteen. I graduated from college when I was 20. I know twelve-year-olds who have been to Asia and fifteen-year-olds who swear they live in Atlantis. Fourteen year-olds are going to court for political crimes.

If us young'uns can't handle the Change, how are you old folks in Cicero doing?

SATURDAY:

"And on the Seventh Day the Lord God rested."

Genesis

"Got any money for bail."-----Chicago

I used to take great pleasure in writing fairy tales and photostating butterflies for people I loved. I used to enjoy sitting down night after night and writing short private stories, taking great care to polish off every rough edge. Then the revolution came to my block. Paper plates replaced Ming vases, layout sheets and marches took over from dancing and playing chess and going on vacation.

Huey isn't free. David Eisenhower is Howdy Doody. Wanna buy an ABM cheap? Can I dump my poison gas in your cellar? Mommy, why can't the sheep live in Utah anymore? Who's directing this movie?

"The weather for tonight will be partly crazy." Chicago is the largest city in the world with a greaser weatherman. The minotaur is in the people's streets. The Russians land a picture of Lenin on Venus and _____, _____ and _____ (interchangeable parts for the big bad rocket ship) sing "Fly Me To The Moon" and I wonder why nobody thinks to send a poet. And I know it all by heart. My mind is made of newsprint, my social life is a numbers game in which I say "nine" and we argue whether "DC" or "Fort Jackson" is the right answer.

Private Abraham Peck of the People's Army of the United States has just described a week in a life that has revolved around the Seeds of Revolution for over a year. Private Peck is applying for furlough. He wishes to spend his summer fighting forest fires in Alaska and doing something frivolous and breathing clean air and spotting jam and trying to reestablish diplomatic relations with the planet before some asshole turns it into an ashtray. We are indeed the people our parents warned us against, and that is a good thing. But I don't want to become someone that I warned me against.

Oh the seventh day we appeared on the Marty Faye show and sang Happy Birthday to Dickie Daley. Later on we found that the chief engineer had run the segment without any sound. They trust people in the woods.

See you later...

Abe



Hip Pocrates

Dan Siegal, president-elect of Cal's student body, never finished his talk to the thousands gathered to rally behind the Berkeley People's Park. When he suggested they take the park, avoiding bloodshed and arrest, the crowd immediately left Sproul Plaza. Chanting, "We want the park," and whooping like Indians, they spilled out onto Telegraph Avenue and walked to the Haste Street intersection where a line of helmeted, brown-uniformed police waited behind barricades.

For a few minutes the demonstrators and police eyed each other warily. The chanting continued and a few students taunted the police. Suddenly a fire hydrant on the northwest corner was opened sending a graceful arc of water catty-cornered across the intersection. Some street people soon changed the direction of the arc, drenching the police and causing the only laughter heard that day.

Rocks and bottles appeared next, flipping end over end, crashing down on both police and demonstrators. I heard a noise to my right and turned in time to see a charging squad of burly men in powder-blue jump suits. "Blue meanies", especially chosen for their size, strength, and utter dedication to the rule of club and gun. They raced to the fire hydrant, scattering students who slipped and fell in the wet intersection. Now the first tear gas canisters were thrown, driving most of the demonstrators up Telegraph and into the side streets. A other group retreated toward Dwight Way.

Confrontations with tear gas are short lived if you don't have a mask. I held my breath as long as I could and turned up Channing Way. Just ahead of me an Oriental girl and her crew-cut blond male friend were gasping and choking--a tear gas canister had exploded at their feet. They were taken into a nearby residence hall.

I continued up Channing Way and literally ran into Sergio Scherr hurrying to the Avenue to take photos for father Max's Barb.

"Are you all right, man?" he asked. My eyes were bright red and tears streamed down my cheeks but I hadn't been badly gassed. Sergio then continued on to the Avenue while I looked for some cool tap water. My cheeks were beginning to sting. A blond angel disguised as a secretary unlocked the door to a university office building and three of us headed for a sink. We washed our eyes and faces with soothing cool tap water, taking care not to rub in the clinging gas.

Outside the building the streets were still fairly quiet. Students strolled slowly up and down Channing Way looking through parking lots at the People's Park on Haste Street. Most of the demonstrators returned to Telegraph but were soon driven up the street to the busy Durant intersection. No one had bothered to block traffic and scores of frightened drivers were temporarily trapped in their cars. Some of the students argued about blocking off the street. One had the ingenious idea of directing autos the wrong way, down Telegraph and into the police lines.

"Let these drivers find out about tear gas," he said. But the first car in the right lane was a Cadillac driven by a terrified LOL and she wouldn't go in any direction but forward. Smart move. A huge dump truck roared across the intersection barely missing several demonstrators. Its cursing driver ducked a small volley of wadded paper and fruit.

A few rocks and bottles were hurled from Durant toward the police on Channing Way.

"We ought to be throwing bullets not bottles," someone said.

"Cool it, man," his friend replied.

The police charged to the Durant intersection. Fleeing demonstrators or the police knocked down an elderly white-haired lady in front of Larry Blake's Restaurant. Several students huddled about her long slender form stretched full length on the sidewalk. I walked across Telegraph intending to help her but was met by an eerie sight, an armed figure peering through his gas mask and waving a club.

"Get out of here," he shouted through the mask.

"I'm a doctor and I want to help that woman."

He ran toward me club extended and I split. The old woman was helped to her feet and limped to the lines of the demonstrators. Hanging from her neck was a hand-written sign saying "I love the People's Park." I flashed on the last time I had been in the Park--children playing on the swings, David Scherr (another of Max's sons) working with a pick and shovel planting a tree, the distribution of free food.

Dense clouds of tear gas now billowed up from the Telegraph-Dwight area. An unmarked police car was overturned and burned and the police drove the crowds south on Telegraph. My laboratory assistant was on Ward and Telegraph when she attempted to escape the gas by running into a small building on a lot owned by Cunha Pontiac. One of the Cunha Pontiac employees drove her out shouting "Get out, get out, you deserve everything you're getting." I suppose she'll say the same if their showrooms are destroyed.

Jeeps with police literally riding shotgun weaved up and down Telegraph apparently trying to run down students. Sawed-off shotguns carrying heavy lead slugs (not birdshot reported by police) and .38 caliber bullets were used to gun down anyone in sight. A 24 year old carpenter on the roof of the Telegraph Repertory Theater was hit in the face by a shotgun blast. He will be blind for life.

Another shotgun blast ripped through the abdomen of a 25 year old man who is now in critical condition in Herrick Hospital's intensive care unit. He lost his spleen, a large portion of his intestines and his left kidney. (Editor's note: James Rector died on May 19). Most of the people wounded by shotguns were released after treatment at Herrick Hospital. Ten were admitted, four in serious condition.

Cal's student Health Service admitted ten students with shotgun wounds. Four had been shot with large bore bullets; two had through and through wounds of the extremities; one was hit in the shoulder and one in the abdomen.

One of the Cal students who was shotgunned works in the hospital record room and often brought me patient's charts. He lost several fingers of his left hand.

Well-informed sources have told me the fencing off of People's Park occurred when it did solely because the Regents of the University of California were to meet on budgetary matters that afternoon and wished to show the legislature they were in firm control of the situation.

Policemen who reacted like goons and mad dogs were "only following orders." But their orders came from the administrative goons of the University who value property and budget more than human lives. Even so, Chancellor Heyns and the Regents have made an unwise financial move. The fence around People's Park will last only as long as National Guardsman and police are there to protect it. No Cal student will ever choose to play soccer in the People's Park--that's a Cal tradition one can predict in advance. Militants, now aware of the University's high regard for property, may turn now to sabotaging property rather than promoting hopeless confrontations.

The University of California is one of the world's great educational institutions. I am proud to be a Cal alumnus. But no piece of property--not Sproul Hall, not the Life Sciences Building, not Dwinelle or Wheeler or any other structure large or small, flammable or not--is worth a man's hand or eyes.

Eugene Schoenfeld

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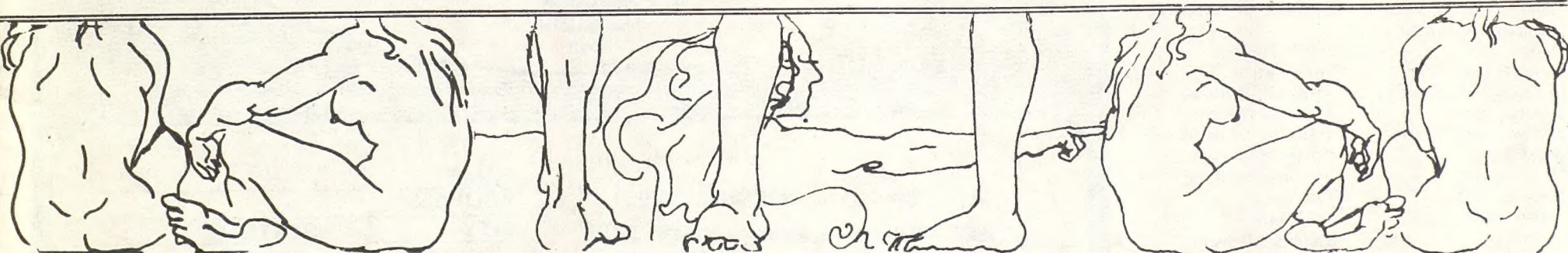
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LONG-PLAYING RECORDS AT A SAVING!



"Comics Kapors," from p. 8...

of a continuing plot or structured order. But you can play with words or you can play with ideas or you can play with pictures, and you're just interweaving these ideas, pictures and words together and what you come out with is a whole thing. And you just take it for what it's worth. It's like looking at the film 2001. What does it mean? I mean you see it a thousand times and it means a thousand different things.

Jay: And a lot of times you may have had to read a strip that a guy did previously in order to understand one that he does afterwards. You know, like "Cow-Cow Comix"; Kim Deitch has this thing about people saying "you can keep doing that until the cows come home," and he's got this nightmare about what's gonna happen when the cows DO come home! He's going to go home and there'll be COWS there! Because like the cows really own everything!

Scorpio: [to Skip] You remind me of somebody that I've seen play in one of the groups.

Skip: Do you know what group?

Scorpio: Uh...I think you remind me of The Bear from Canned Heat...

Skip: Yeah, I've been told that before.

Scorpio: ...Bob Hite.

Skip: I am not Bob Hite...as far as I know.

Scorpio: But I think your way of thinking and your comments are parallel to his.

Skip: Well I think a lot of people are thinking in basically the same direction right now. It makes for a certain cohesiveness, you know, within whatever's happening. And there's a lot happening. A lot of people are the same way, though it may at this point lack organization, I think it's really a good thing. There's this energy-force in a great deal of the youth that is a very creative energy-force, and that's why for instance underground rock or progressive rock is so much better than topten rock—because these people are in it not to make the holy buck, necessarily, but they're in it to create music, they're musicians. That's why the artists are generally

speaking much more creative and ready to try new techniques than your normal run-o-the-mill artist. It's the same way with the literature, with the writers that are writing now that really are doing some fantastic things. People like Richard Brautigan who is a columnist with "Rolling Stone" and has written several books for Grove Press. He's just phenomenal! I think it's this whole creative cohesiveness throughout the whole Movement, throughout the whole scheme of things in the youth today that it's really exciting to be a part of it.

Scorpio: What were you guys doing before you did the "Mirror"?

Jay: We've been doing comix all our lives. We used to do Fanzines in high school that were like mimeograph things, and that's how I met Skip. I was in Florida and he was in Missouri, that's how we met Arty...and Crumb was doing a Fanzine then, too.

Skip: And when we started publishing, I mean in professional magazines, it seemed that most of the people who are into comix now started doing it at about the same time. A lot of us were publishing in Harvey Kurtzman's "Help!" magazine which was a satire magazine that started around 1960. And Crumb was working for them, I was publishing there, Jay was publishing there. Then after that magazine folded, we started doing things for the "Realist" and "Escapade" and "Cavalier".

Jay: A lot of people dropped out, like Rob Tyner, the lead singer for the MC5, he was really a good cartoonist.

Skip: As a matter of fact, one of his strips is going to be reprinted in "Bizarro".

Scorpio: Would you ever leave "Bijou Funnies" and go into a regular syndicated newspaper comic strip?

Skip: I very seriously doubt it, because that presents a great deal of restriction on what you can do. The newspaper syndicates are notorious for their censorship and for their dictatorial powers into what you can do and what you can't do. One of the underground artists, Vaughn Bode in New York, has been offered a syndicated strip but he turned it down. Robert Crumb refuses to do anything that he considers Establishment. Crumb was going to do a book illustrating Beatle songs with Picasso and Salvador Dali, but he turned it down

because he said this was too Establishment for him. S. Clay Wilson, another West Coast cartoonist, is taking it up instead and he's going to do it.

Jay: After the Revolution I'd like to do a strip for the "Chicago Daily Seed".

Skip: Right!

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There are street vendors all over the loop and on Wells street on fair days. Vendors can get papers at the Seed office, or at the Skald on Wells St. Make 15 cents a paper \$6 to \$10 an hour.....

underground mags

black sparrow press

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On Sunday, June 1, the 2nd annual Old Town Bicycle Race will take place in fabled Lincoln Park from 8 a.m. to noon. Everybody is invited. Meet at Cannon Drive & Ridge Road, SE of the Zoo. See you there!

Old Town Bicycle Club

Dear Seed:

I'd like to report some omissions from your last issue. The following photo credits were omitted: p.2, Nick Baker; p.5, lower right hand photo, Skeets/Newsreel; centerfold, Larry Sultan. Those are the omissions from Vol. 3 No. 13. Following are your credit-goofs for Vol. 3, No. 12: reproduction of an etching by Jacek Gaj from Poland Magazine on p. 20; p. 6, Raeanne Rubinstein/EVO; and centerfold Happy Birthday, Dixie Sue. Thankee You!

Wanderer

NI=OOM= BUT
@ONTMOH= REA

ROACHES continued from page 11

THE FATHER WAS STERILE:
FRED -- In an address before the American Urological Association, Dr. M'J' Vernon Smith reported that George Washington was probably sterile. Washington apparently suffered from Klinefelter's syndrome, which allows normal sexual activity but prohibits reproduction.

STATE SENATORS SHIT ON WORKERS

FRED — The Illinois State Senate Industrial Affairs Committee voted 8 — 4 to defeat a bill that would have set a \$1.60 a hour minimum wage for most workers. Most State Senators make considerably more than \$1.60 per each hour

DON'T GO! DON'T GO! — DON'T GO!

Almost every GI I've met lately has told me not to go into the military — even if it means leaving the country. Backing up their testimonials is a statement by Waldo B. Lyon, who spent 17 years as a Navy and Marine psychologist. In a paper delivered at a professional conference, Lyon reported that brutality is so ingrained in the Marine Corps that the Corps May serve as a laboratory” for the study of institutionalized violence. He also reports that in a 27 month period at the Parris Island base 73 Drill Instructors were removed from duty for assault or maltreatment.

Save Your Head ———

DON'T GO!

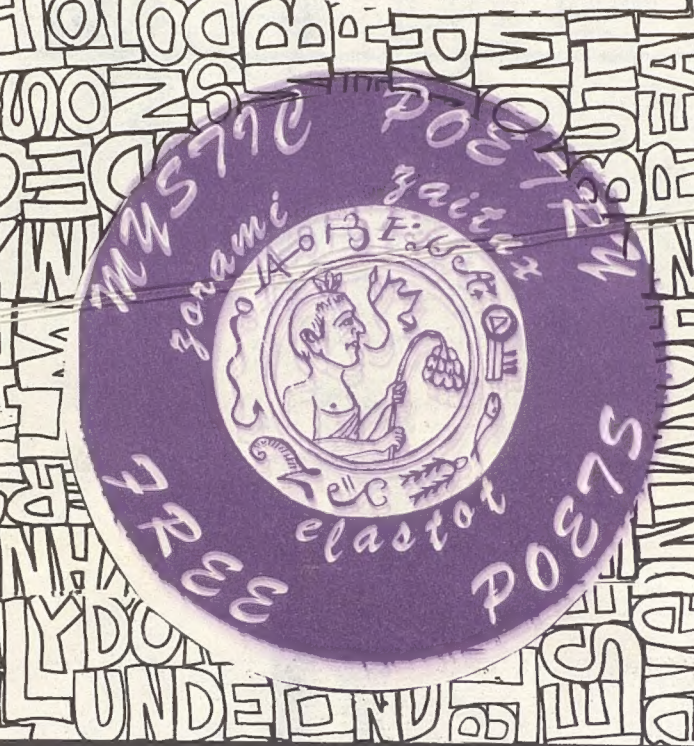
SUB



Dear Seed:

Thanks for sending SEED review of my record ["Ginsberg's Thing", reviewed in Vol. 3, No. 9]. I didn't know it was coming out in that form. So I've asked to have it all changed. Money goes to Spoleto Festival not me, I'd given them OK to use the tapes to support the Spoleto Festival.

Allen Ginsberg
New York



Your Favorite Rock Group...
...Deep Purple was asked recently if they'd like
to play for the people in Lincoln Park.
"NO," they replied.

They're playing one of Triacia Nixon's parties and they're really not into playing for hippies.

DECENCY RALLY RIOT:

Baltimore was recently the scene of one of those "Youth For Decency" rallies that sprung up after Jim Morrison whipped it out in Miami. Several thousand people packed a stadium where, they were led to believe, they would hear James Brown and other groups. When nothing materialized except a lot of sunday-school talking, the kids got pissed off enough and threw the place up for grabs. Racial fights erupted throughout the stadium, and city po-lice had to be called to quell the disturbance. That's what happens when people dig blood more than bods!!!!!!!!!!!!+!+!\$+!\$+!

Better Late Than Never:

EXTRA — The U.S. Senate has decided to install "a speech reinforcement system and auxiliary appurtenances." In English, it means a P.A. system so that the Senators and the Gallery can hear what is being said.

INDONESIAN UPRISING
LNS — The natives of the island of Btan Irian,

Indonesia, do not have an advanced technology, but they're being exploited by American industry (notably the Sulfur Corporation) and the Indonesian government

Dear Seed:

Your readers are invited to an Open House at the Store Front Unltd., 2478 N. Lincoln, on Sunday June 8, from one to eleven. There will be folk singing and 200 paperbacks given away.

Storefronters

Dear Seed, 

Having just read of the dress and behavior restrictions at Schurz High School, I must state that not all public high schools have the same restrictions.

While the administration at Senn High is a collective horse's ass, there are virtually no dress codes. Guys can wear their hair any length including beards, and the chicks can wear pants or shorts, all left up to personal discretion. However, in some physical education classes, the boys are harrassed for their growth and the chicks marked off for wearing casual clothes.



On the outside, Senn appears to have a relaxed, cooperative atmosphere between students and administration. Inside, there is a bitter, distrustful mood prevailing, including the presence of a police department appointed "Mod Squad" formed to sniff out heads, pot parties, and other forms of evil. A student-formed underground paper, known as "The Paper," has been attacked by the principal and several faculty members for supposedly being the source of tension at Senn. The staff claims that the paper only reflects tension that has been at the school all along.

In closing, I just want to make clear that just because you can wear anything you want to school, that is no guarantee that all is well and beautiful in the fucked-up educational system.

Love
G.S. Rose
Senn High School

OUR TEAM

On May 7th, rebel forces took over five airfields on the island. Local police forces aided them. Finally, the government sent in 500 parachutists to put them down.

Yummy, Yummy, Yummy
FRED — Testimony before the Wisconsin legislature has revealed that humans dying of liver disease have 2½ times the amount of DDT in their liver as people dying of natural causes. The State of Illinois legislature, meanwhile, has rejected a h bill to ban the use of DDT in the  State. 

SDS FUCKED AGAIN!

The University of Illinois followed the lead of these

The University of Illinois followed the lead of the University of Wisconsin and refused to allow SDS to hold its national convention on the Urbana campus. The event is still scheduled for June 9-15.

Our Feathered Friends:

A thirty degree temperature drop and the Hancock building conspired to kill 5,000 birds last week. Hundreds of migration songbirds were either driven into Lake Michigan by heavy rains or put up against the Hancock wall because they couldn't imagine such a monstrosity rising 1,000 feet in to the air. Birds, like architects, are blind at night.

This is the end, my friend:

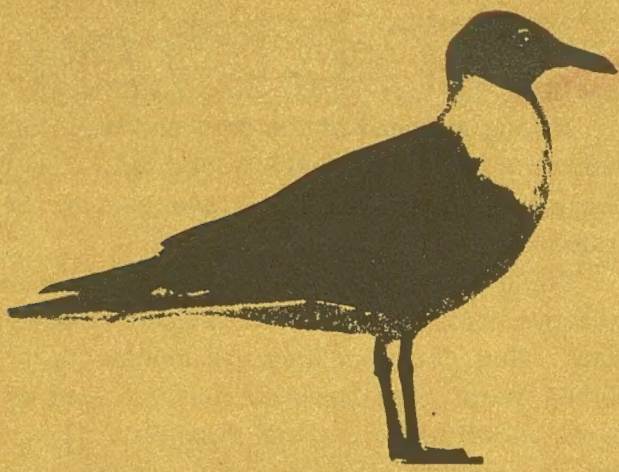
Elrond:

Please by some more toilet paper for the house.
I'm up to my knees in shit.

Donovan

SUBSCRIBE

A ROUND TRIP TICKET HOME



"He saw almost 200 miles of countryside, most of it sprawling world metropolis, and savored every inch, tried to grok it. He was startled by the size of human cities and their bustling activity, so different from the monastery-garden cities of his own people. It seemed to him that a human city must wear out almost at once, so choked with experience that only the strongest Old Ones could bear to visit its deserted streets and grok in contemplation events and emotions piled layer on endless layer in it."

Stranger In A Strange Land
by Robert A. Heinlein
(Berkeley Pub. Co., NY, 1961)

In a plush seat aboard Eastern Airlines Boeing 720 superjet from Chicago to New Orleans via Atlanta: overhear Southern twangs as they look at picture of armed Cornell black militant—"now do you suppose he went there for an education?!" Seat-mate calls out landmarks and wing-flap positions. Is this Lenny Bruce? There's a guy in the back who knows a lot about planes—he said 'wing' when he got on." (Why don't I remember the "lines" of today's comedians? Has the reality become that absurd? "Today Vice-President Agnew met Mr. Nixon at the airport. As he walked toward the plane, the Vice-President fell on his face and scratched his nose.")

Clouds DO look like cotton candy! My eyes on the stationery wing as the ground crawls along...a quiet painting by Mondrian, a slash o' Franz Kline's rugged and.

Behind my eyes, quick cuts and flashbacks. The Big Sur coastline, Ray Manzarek describes a speeding priest as one who races to meet his Boss. Life is cinema, role playing. Each squadcar cop sees himself as Sgt. Friday. Comedy is dead, surrealism reality. Jack Webb is alive and well in Chicago.)

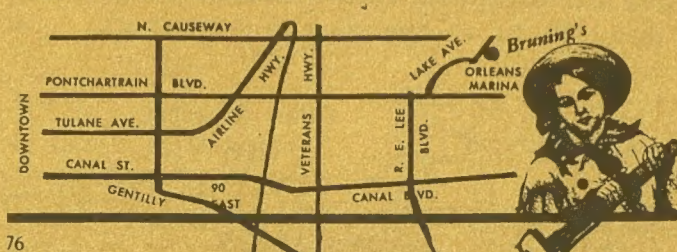
Montage—Hitchcock blends woman's scream onto rain whistle...

Yes Lester, a train whistle, a ship on each of Dylan's albums. So happy to dine at his Nashville table, run my tongue over my lips with each taste of each little dish he serves. A unity of colors and tastes and smells, a gay loginess when it's over, sitting in the drawing room smoking cigars while the ladies buzz-buzz in the kitchen, savoring each little morsel; all for one and one for all—Dumas: an early unitarian.

Epiphany in Atlanta Airport: there is and there is not a United States of America. A new Oldsmobile revolves on lobby display here and in Lansing Michigan's Capitol Airport. The book racks and magazine stacks are the same, yet different. Here I notice Diahann Carroll on the cover of "Good Housekeeping". I pee next to a black man. Dad buys a Confederate flag for his five-year old son at the souvenir stand.



OUT CANAL OR PONTCHARTRAIN TO YACHT BASIN & WEST END PARK



Description of Mobile Alabama from 29,000 feet: a few four-inch rivers, some grey squares, a reddish hexagon; a cloud which looks like George Washington napping, a bright orange rectangle. Nowhere is there a sign of life as we know it up here.

A Visit To New Orleans—About the "Revolution." Truly a long road to travel. How do you reach the people on Bourbon Street?

There are people in New Orleans who have traveled thousands of miles and countless years to be bought and sold on Bourbon Street. Door after door, a hardened street-spieler sells bodies. No—parts of bodies. The major commodity supplied and demanded here is "tit". There are Winston tits and Salem tits. Some small on tall bodies, others elephantine. Faces are sketched by portrait artists on Bourbon Street "guaranteed not to show wrinkles or double chins." The grey-grotesque ageing woman pays ten dollars to have her face converted into a pastel-grotesque death mask of girlhood reclaimed. Vanity of vanities, America consumes her wind.

New Orleans is another moment in the American Dream gone nightmare. O Brothers, the cross of St. Mary's church, erected 1715, is edged in neon and christmas bulbs are strung about it! The earth is dry in the courtyard and the flowers dies. The paint peels from the old Spanish church.

Yet, in this city where "renovation" and "walt-disney" have the same meaning, the most magnificent palm trees grow. Fed by the lush river, the palms here are as redwoods to the dwarfed Los Angeles palm; thick trunk, broad healthy leaf, happy flower. The land of America is rich and beautiful. But we gnaw at her like a cancer. When will the Revolution reach Bourbon Street? How can we liberate the tourists? And the fish?

Chicago Dreams—Like Nog, we live in our realms so that we may endure, so that we may survive midst the absurdities and cockeyed looks of those with ear-filled hearts.

Why did that Louisiana businessman glare at me with such contempt and hatred. My teeth? My shoes? My hair? If he thinks I want to possess his wife or his house, he's so wrong. Old-fashioned me, all I dream of having is "peace", peace within and about me.

In New Orleans we dreamed together, my friends and I. ...a house on a wooded mountain...children and powers...solitude in the day, together at night...a warm ke, a cool porch....

We're no threat to you, Louisiana businessman. in us! After all, we are in you, and You are in Us.

Marshall Rosenthal

